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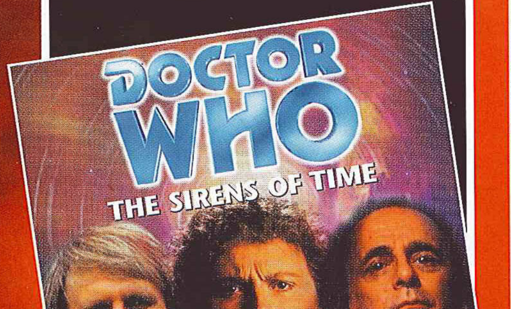
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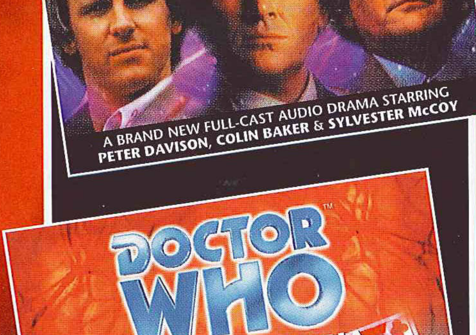
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DWM 284

'When we examined him, he had no liver . . .'

FEATURES

8 COVER STORY

Fun for all the family!

Should 21st century *Doctor Who* turn its back on the 20-, 30- and 40-somethings who have 'kept the faith' throughout the 1990s, dispense with 36 years' worth of continuity – and instead embrace a new generation of under-tens? And if it did, would it still count as *Doctor Who* at all? **DWM** investigates!

26 Auton 3

Fan favourite monsters the Autons ride again in this month's third and final independently-produced sequel to 1970s stories *Spearhead From Space* and *Terror of the Autons*. **DWM** meets the team who've given Pertwee's plastic people a state-of-the-art computer-generated makeover!

44 Michael Jayston

"I didn't like that hat. It made me look like a garden gnome!" We catch up with the actor who played the Valeyard, the Doctor's dark half – and discover if Season 23 was just as much a trial *behind* the scenes . . . Plus! 45 utterly essential facts about the Time Lords' prosecutor-in-chief!

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DOCTOR WHO and the Trojan War

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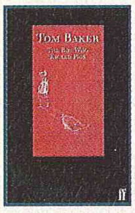
Gallifrey Guardian

Scary movie?

The prospect of a theatrically-released *Doctor Who* movie [see **DWM**s *passim*] continues to excite press speculation. During September, the *Sunday Times* mooted actors Patrick Stewart and Laurence Fishburne as possible Doctors. More substantially, Impact Films producer Jeremy Bolt has said of the script: "There will be a large time-travel element to it. And it will have an edge . . . There won't be as much gore as in [Impact's 1998 science fiction picture] *Event Horizon*, but we do want to scare people."

Baker brings home the bacon

Tom Baker's first novel, a blackly comic children's story titled *The Boy Who Kicked Pigs*, is published in hardback by Faber & Faber on 1 November, priced £12.99 – and the Fourth Doctor actor will be embarking upon a nationwide signing tour to publicise it. The *provisional* itinerary is as follows: The Who Shop, East Ham, London on Saturday 30 October (AM); Books Etc, Fenchurch St, London on Tuesday 2 November (1-2pm); Dillons, Birmingham on Thursday 4 Nov (1-2pm); Borders, Oxford St, London, also on Thursday 4 (7pm); in association with The Who Shop at the NEC, Birmingham, on Saturday 6 Nov; Dillons, Oxford St, London, on Monday 8 Nov (1-2pm); in association with Waterstone's, Manchester at St Anne's Church, also on Monday 8 (7pm); in association with Waterstone's, Glasgow at the Tron Theatre on Thursday 11 Nov (7pm); Ottakar's, Gloucester on Wednesday 17 (1-2pm); and Borders, Brighton on Thursday 18 Nov (7pm). **DWM** strongly advises that readers check dates and times with the individual bookshops concerned; all are subject to last-minute change (and it's not our fault when they do). Signings are also planned in Dundee, Belfast and Dublin during November; see local press for details.



Documentaries and The League of Gentlemen launch Who on Two

Tom Baker to host November celebration

November 13 sees transmission of BBC2's celebratory theme night, provisionally entitled *An Evening with Doctor Who* – a mix of specially-shot new documentary material and rare archive footage.

At press time, the evening – which it's believed will be introduced and linked by Fourth Doctor actor Tom Baker – was scheduled to open at 9.00pm with new colour footage representing the Totters Lane junkyard, the location of the series' first ever episode, *An Unearthly Child*.

Three new comedy sketches written and performed by award-winning comedy team The League of Gentlemen will air at various times throughout the Night; the role of the Doctor will probably be taken by Mark Gatiss, also a Virgin/BBC Books *Doctor Who* author. Mark told **DWM**: "We've looked at lots of different *Doctor Who* sketches in preparation, and with the honourable exception of *The Curse of Fatal Death*, they always seemed to choose easy targets – cheap sets, bad acting and so forth. We're hoping that our little sketches will be seen to dig a little deeper for their humour."

The first of two half-hour documentaries is *The Doctors*, a half-hour investigation of the eight faces of the show's hero. The BBC press release comments: "This programme will concentrate on the phenomenon of the Doctor. We will discover how one of the most lasting sci-fi characters ever came into being; what impact the series made when it first hit our screens and what it meant to the actors who have played the Doctor.

"The Doctor's assistants and the series' writers will spill the beans on the background to the series . . . Illustrated throughout with clips from the entire series, 'The Doctors' provides an entertaining and informative insight into one of British television's most endearing characters."

The second half-hour documentary is entitled *The Monsters*. The press pack informs us: "You'll be provided with a guide to the biggest and baddest aliens in the 30 odd years of Doctor Who, as well as being able to re-live some of the truly great fights the Doctor got into and just what trickery he used to see off the menace . . . What kind of mind could dream up these weird and wonderful concoctions of foam and plastic? How were they made and wasn't it a bit warm in a Yeti suit all day? 'The Monsters' will reveal all!"

For each of these documentaries, **DWM** Archivist Andrew Pixley has been helping to guide the production team in the direction of less-familiar archive material. A trawl through the BBC vault has thrown-up some hitherto forgotten gems of behind-the-scenes and interview footage, many of which it is hoped will feature in the finished programmes, time constraints permitting.

The BBC science department will also be contributing to the evening, providing two short inserts where the fictional technicalities of the Doctor's universe is examined by "real life scientists."

With the theme night still hoped to serve as the launch for a series of repeats of colour *Doctor Who* serials, the production team are hoping to screen a single black-and-white episode as part of their line-up. Favourites at press time appear to be a version of the Pilot Episode, Episode One of *The Web of Fear* or – inexpicably – *The Daleks: The Rescue*, the final instalment of the first Dalek tale.

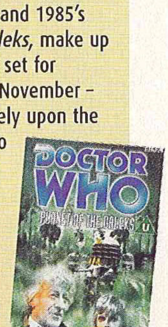
It is understood that clearances are also being sought to screen an unedited version of the 1996 TV Movie to close the night's entertainment.

DWM hopes to offer a full behind-the-scenes report on the recording of the documentaries and sketches for *An Evening with Doctor Who* in a future issue.

Win Thals!

Two top-notch Dalek stories, 1973's *Planet of the Daleks* and 1985's *Revelation of the Daleks*, make up BBC Video's special boxed set for Christmas. It's on sale 15 November – but if you don't want to rely upon the caprices of Santa's elves to secure your copy, you can win one of five in this issue's competition!

DOCTOR WHO
PLANET OF THE DALEKS



To win, you'll have to know the title of the **DWM** comic strip thriller which was both a direct sequel to *Revelation* – and returned the Doctor to Spiridon, the location of *Planet* . . .

Jot your answer on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked HE MAY SMELL LIKE ROTTING FLESH, BUT HE'S AN EXCELLENT SQUIRE to the editorial address by 14 December. This month, we'd like you to append an illustration of the Head of Stengos atop an icecano. Points will be given for artistic impression.

BBC annouce videos, audios and novels for 2000

More missing stories on CD next year

Following on from the success of BBC Worldwide's release of *The Massacre* this summer, three more long-lost 1960s adventures will be issued on CD next year – alongside a slew of new videos.

As reported last month, second Yeti thriller *The Web of Fear* is out in March. 1965 Hartnell four-parter *Galaxy 4* follows in June (the only surviving film extract from this serial was included in 1998's *The Missing Years* documentary). *The Highlanders*, the Patrick Troughton historical which introduced Frazer Hines as companion Jamie, will be available from August; Hines is likely to provide linking narration for both that and *Web of Fear*.

The new audios will go on sale in tandem with first-time CD releases of Third Doctor radio plays *The Paradise of Death* and *The Ghosts of N-Space* (in March and June respectively), plus a re-release of 1993's *The Macra Terror* soundtrack.

Courtesy BBC Video's 'Restoration Team', cleaned-up prints of the first three *Doctor Who* adventures, plus the little-seen Pilot Episode – the tapes which were intended to comprise the recently-abandoned *The Beginning* boxed set – will see light of day in the late spring/early summer. The Pilot is issued on one tape alongside previously unreleased two-parter *Inside the Spaceship* in April, with *100,000 BC* then the first Dalek serial (on one tape, probably) following in May and June.

New audiences for Galaxy 4 (top) and The Highlanders on audio next year

Four years after it was first announced for video release, Peter Davison four-parter *Time-Flight* will stop over in high street stores during July. *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* will be finally made available in complete and unedited episodic form in September. Although only very provisionally scheduled, it is most likely that BBC Video's special release for Christmas 2000 will be concluding First Doctor adventure *The Tenth Planet*; an audio-and-telesnap reconstruction of the long-lost Episode 4 will complete this highly-rated story, which marks the first appearance of the fearsome Cybermen.

Meanwhile, Worldwide publishing imprint BBC Books has announced more Past Doctors adventures for the latter part of next year. May sees publication of *Grave Matter*, a Sixth Doctor and Peri outing which, according to its author and range editor Justin Richards, takes the pair to "Hammer horror land". Stalwart Christopher Bulis provides August's *Imperial Moon*, a "Wellsian romance set in Victorian times" featuring the Fifth Doctor and Turlough. Newcomer Jonathan Morris pens September's *Festival of Death*, a "space opera with a temporal twist" starring the Fourth Doctor, the Second Romana and K9. Finally, *The Hollow Men*/*Discontinuity Guide* co-author Keith Topping writes November's *King of Terror*, a "present-day Earth techno-thriller" replete with a cast including the Fifth Doctor, Tegan, Turlough and special guest star Brigadier Alistair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart.

Outside the Spaceship

What Doctor Who's movers and shakers are up to . . .

Compiled by Dominic May

Television **Tom Baker** ended up recording five episodes of the upcoming revival of *Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)*, playing the ghostly Professor Wyvern. The series is set to premiere on BBC1 next year. **Paul McGann** stars as a defence lawyer in *Fish*, a new six-part BBC1 post-watershed series. **Mary Tamm** plays glam rock chick Angela in ITV's forthcoming comedy *UpRising*. **Antony Root** is executive producing a new version of F Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* starring Mira Sorvino. **Ken Grieve** continues to direct *Peak Practice*. **Graeme Harper** is one of three directors on the second series of BBC1's *Microsoap*. **Alan Wareing** and **Michael Owen Morris** have both directed episodes in the new season of *Casualty*. **Geoffrey Sax** is working on upcoming BBC1 series *Factory*. In August, **Richard Hartley**, incidental music composer for *The Trial of Time Lord Parts Five to Eight*, won the Emmy Award for Outstanding Music Composition For a Miniseries or a Movie (Dramatic Underscore) for his work on *Alice in Wonderland*.

Film **Tom Baker** can be seen as a robot in independent direct-to-video film *Backtime*, which is being distributed by Who North America (website *http://www.whona.com*). **Colin Baker** has taken part in a movie called *The Asylum*. **Jean Marsh** plays an amalgamation of all six wives of Henry VIII in the **TP McKenna**-starring *Monarch*. **Malcolm Kohll** has three thrillers in development: *Cut and Paste*, *51st State* and *Sandmother*. Samantha Morton and Ian Hart will star in the **Rona Munro**-scripted *The Burning Hill*. The *Curse of Fatal Death*'s **Steven Moffat** is developing *Me Again* for producer Beryl Vertue.

Stage **Sylvester McCoy** will be playing Baron Hardup in *Cinderella* at the Theatre Royal, Norwich over Christmas. **Bonnie Langford** has been touring the UK in her own musical show *My West End . . . and More*.

Radio **Tom Baker** plays Vincent Crummles in Radio 4's new 30-part adaptation of Charles Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*, commencing 24 October. Co-director Jeremy Mortimer describes it as "a role he was born to play."

Obituaries **Ivor Roberts**, who played Mogran in *Genesis of the Daleks*, died on 5 September aged 74. **Ric Felgate**, who was an American Journalist in *The War Machines*, Brent in *The Seeds of Death* and both Charles Van Lyden and an Astronaut in *The Ambassadors of Death*, also passed away recently.

Collector's Heaven

November Mon 1 Audio drama Doctor Who: Whispers of Terror by Justin Richards [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Frontier Worlds** by Peter Anghelides [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Corpse Marker** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Mon 15 Video boxed set Doctor Who: Planet of the Daleks/Revelation of the Daleks** [Third Doctor & Jo/Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Video* £29.99 [tbc] **Date tbc DVD Doctor Who: The Five Doctors** [Five Doctors & various] *BBC Worldwide* £19.99

January 2000 Mon 3 Video Doctor Who: The Greatest Show in the Galaxy [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £12.99 **Audio drama Doctor Who: The Land of the Dead** by Stephen Cole [Fifth Doctor & Nyssa] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Parallel 59** by Natalie Dallaire & Stephen Cole [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: The Last of the Gadarene** by Mark Gatiss [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Books* £5.99

February Mon 7 Audio drama Doctor Who: The Fearmonger by Jonathan Blum [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: The Shadows of Avalon** by Paul Cornell [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: The Tomb of Valdamar** by Simon Messingham [Fourth Doctor, K9 & Romana I] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Anthology Doctor Who: Short Trips and Side Steps** edited by Stephen Cole & Jacqueline Rayner [various Doctors] *BBC Books* £tba

March Mon 6 Video Doctor Who: The Invasion of Time [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] *BBC Video* double pack £16.99 **Audio drama Doctor Who: Red Dawn** by Justin Richards [Fifth Doctor & Peri] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Audio CD Doctor Who: The Web of Fear** [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] *BBC Worldwide* £tba **Audio CD Doctor Who: The Paradise of Death** [Third Doctor & Sarah] *BBC Worldwide* £tba **Novel Doctor Who: The Fall of Yquatine** by Nick Walters [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Campaign** by Jim Mortimore [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] *BBC Books* £5.99

April Mon 3 Video Doctor Who: An Unearthly Child [pilot episode]/**Inside the Spaceship** [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] *BBC Video* £12.99 **Audio drama Doctor Who: The Marian Conspiracy** by Jacqueline Rayner [Sixth Doctor & Evelyn] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Coldheart** by Trevor Baxendale [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Verdigris** by Paul Magrs [Third Doctor, Jo & Iris Wildthyme] *BBC Books* £5.99

DOCTOR WHO
The Myth Makers
Exclusive new photos!
We've come for your children!
Why Doctor Who must capture the hearts and minds of the Harry Potter generation
PLUS Dalek video-boxed sets must be won!

One shady street in Forest Hill, South-East London, home to this editor, is experiencing an undue overload of fannishness.

It all started around six months ago, when my flatmate and I decided it would be fun to watch all of *Doctor Who* in order. We don't have much of what you might call a life, you see, and we needed something to fill the long hours between *EastEnders* and bedtime.

Now, the most significant side-effect of this as far as you, a reader of **DWM**, is concerned, was that this experience proved immediately to be *so* enjoyable and enlightening that *The Time Team* was assembled and despatched on the same journey, in the hope that this would, in turn, inspire readers to attempt a similar undertaking. From your responses to that feature, it seems that many of you have, and I hope you're having as much fun as me.

It may have been made in 1965, but I haven't enjoyed a new Who story as much in 15 years

My household is a little further ahead than Jac, Clay, Richard and Peter, however, having just listened to *The Destruction of Time*, the final instalment of *The Daleks' Master Plan*, yesterday evening.

What a revelation! I can honestly say that I haven't enjoyed a *Doctor Who* story as much in fifteen years. Last year, when we ran the *Archive* for *Master Plan* in **DWM**, we also published a short paean to the tale by Jan Vincent-Rudzki, but – much as I adore and respect Jan – I didn't quite buy into his belief that this was one of the greatest *Doctor Who* stories ever. I'd honestly assumed that it was no more than a double-length version of *The Chase* (help!) and that Jan's recollection had been flavoured by warm memories of Bump-and-Go Daleks, reel-to-reel tape recorders and winter evenings in front of the telly.

But it turns out that *I'm* the one with the prejudices. *I'm* the fool. I hope so much that BBC Worldwide will release *The Daleks' Master Plan* on CD, just so I can have other people with whom to share my gushing enthusism. I can't wait for Big Finish's *Dalek Empire* audios, if they come even close to capturing how sinister, treacherous and cunning the creatures are in these twelve episodes. If any new novel chooses to resurrect Mavic Chen, then I'll be the first to Waterstones with my £5.99.

You think I've gone mad, don't you? You own a copy of *Daleks: The Early Years* on video. You've seen a couple of episodes of *Master Plan* and been rather nonplussed? I admit that I was too,the first time I saw them. But context is everything. Do you remember that tenth episode? Silly Egyptians and lots of to-ing and fro-ing around a pyramid? Nonsense, wasn't it? But I can promise you it's much, *much* more affecting and dramatic when you've heard the previous nine parts. When the Doctor has to finally surrender the vital Taranium in order to save his friends, it's heart-breaking.

You can keep your *Genesis*, your *Interference*, even your *Tides of Time*. Never, in any medium, has *Doctor Who* told a story as broad, heroic, gripping or exciting as *The Daleks' Master Plan*.

Gary

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Timelines

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"Comic Relief proved that the BBC could make a brand new series tomorrow"

HOLLYWOOD BABBLE-ON

Recent news of the development of a prospective *Doctor Who* motion picture has thrilled many of you . . .

The news of the official *Doctor Who* movie was one of the most exciting things I've read in a long time! I'd love to see Paul McGann in the role, but Denzel Washington would be cool too. Basically though, if it's done with a decent budget, a brilliant script and the courage of its convictions, then the movie can only be a winner!

D Macgowan
via e-mail

. . . but left just as many with grave misgivings. **Ric Parkinson** of Grantham, Lincs doesn't see the need to recast the lead at all: "Why does every new *Doctor Who* film/pilot/series have to include a new Doctor? What is wrong with Paul McGann all of a sudden? I realise that any new production has to offer something fresh and interesting, but why does that mean 'bye-bye Number Eight'?" Others went further . . .

Re: *Gallifrey Guardian*, **DWM** 282. Aaargggh! Aaargggh! Aaargggh! An American Doctor! Noooooo! Seriously, I happen to think that the casting of Denzel Washington as the Ninth Doctor, no matter how good an actor he may be in his own field, would be the worst mistake since . . . well, ever, really. I don't believe I'm prejudiced against Washington or black actors in general, I just don't think he's right for the Doctor. If said movie doesn't happen, then I'd much rather see Paul McGann reprise his role, or Anthony Stewart Head from *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, who's probably well-known enough in the US now to make it work. If it absolutely does have to be an American, though, then my vote would go to Morgan Freeman . . .

Paul Hayes
Clapham, West Sussex

Has the BBC completely lost the plot? If the Comic Relief skit proved anything, it is that they could quite easily make a brand new series of *Doctor Who* tomorrow – despite what they may say. Instead they prefer to hold out and make a big budget film with all the pitfalls it entails. Presumably it'll be a mangled mish-mash designed for another market in much the same vein as the McGann TV Movie. Is that what they think we really want? Do they really think we would prefer some clueless epic to an ongoing commitment to a new series that might ultimately make them more money in overseas sales? It is typical of their short-sighted, short-term attitude, and smacks of nothing but greed.

Neville Watkins
via e-mail

SIRENS COOL

Finally, after searching everywhere, I've got a copy of *The Sirens of Time*, and it's brilliant! I was a little bit doubtful to begin with as whether it would work or not, seeing how awful *The Paradise of Death* was, but fortunately, I was wrong . . .

Stephen Oakes
via e-mail

May I congratulate everyone involved in *The Sirens of Time*? I listened to it at night-time with just the light from my stereo on and it completely blew me away! I even felt a shiver run down my back when the music began and the Seventh

Doctor started his story. All the Doctors were excellent and sounded like they had never been away . . .

Martin Smith
Sheffield

. . . it is lovely to put on *The Sirens of Time* and find all the traditional *Doctor Who* virtues honed and polished and proudly on display: the best version of the theme music, the best sort of incidental music (unobtrusive), strong, rhythmic stories, set pieces, interesting supporting characters, menace, cliffhangers, dialogue brimful of wit and argument and so on.

Which is not at all to say that there's nothing importantly and refreshingly new here. For the most part, the television series denied these three Doctors and their thespian alter-egos the traditional virtues just mentioned; here, we have at last a new and sustained opportunity to appreciate what these Doctors and actors have to offer *Doctor Who*. Here is a further flowering of a Fifth Doctor just glimpsed in Peter Davison's final television season. The Seventh Doctor of *The Sirens of Time* has borrowed from the TV Movie a dignity and authority worthy of the longest-running version of the character, and it is particularly satisfying that Sylvester McCoy's Doctor finally gets to visit such traditional *Doctor Who* locations as jungle planets and alien cities. This makes for a sense, often missing from the Seventh Doctor's television run, of his era being connected to the rest of the series.

Meanwhile the Sixth Doctor, unhampered now by a truly awful costume, unfettered by a raft of highly questionable creative decisions, looks set to undergo the most important renovation of all. The climax of *Sirens of Time* makes it clear that he is driven, not purely by ego or some inhumanly utilitarian disinterest, but by a pragmatic sense more keenly wrought in him than in his other personas. Now the way is open to show how the Sixth Doctor can enrich the *Doctor Who* myth, rather than being, as once it seemed, its antithesis . . .

Here's to Big Finish and the reiteration, continuation, extension and further enhancement of the inexhaustible magic that is *Doctor Who*.

Paul Dawson
Wealdstone, Middx

MILES OFF

Rave reviews all round for *Sirens*, then – but the other much-hyped story of the summer has met with far less enthusiasm. **DWM** previewed BBC Books' iconoclastic two-volume *Interference* via an interview with author Lawrence Miles [*Live and let die*, **DWM** 282] – but, having read both that and Lawrence's magnum opus, many of you were left distinctly underwhelmed . . .

Right! I've had it! I'm sorry to say it but Lawrence Miles has really got on my pip. It seems that the influential writers in the BBC Books range can't wait to get their hands on our hero and tear him to pieces . . .

I'm really looking forward to another fun book for the Eighth Doctor. And boy, does he need it! The last one was *The Bodysnatchers*, and that was ages ago.

Sabrina Samuels
Shrewsbury, Shropshire

The costume is great on audio . . .

Oh dear . . . the Virgin mafia are back in control of the *Doctor Who* novels. Having read *Interference* Books One and Two, that familiar sense of desperation and depression is back. It's not that the books are bad, it's not that I have anything against the way Miles writes in general, it's just that . . . well, who exactly are these books now for? In his interview, Miles claims that the IM Foreman business needed "dealing with" – why? What does it matter what it said on a pair of junkyard gates in the first episode 36 years ago? We've already had the Hand of Omega nonsense, and now we have to accept yet more 'interference' with a story that really should be left in the past. Now every single moment has to be drawn out painfully by some 'clever' post-modern author in an attempt to squeeze every drop of blood out of other people's stories. But then, as with Virgin's very successful attempt to stamp the life out of the Seventh Doctor and Ace, some of these authors just cannot leave things alone, can they?

I always find it interesting how writers will cheerfully attack stories from the 1980s for being derivative and over-obsessed with continuity while committing much the same crimes themselves, but in a much worse fashion. Let's put it bluntly, shall we? I'm not in the slightest bit interested in yet another explanation for why the Doctor left on his travels. We don't really need every piece of dialogue from every script explained away – God knows how the uninitiated would deal with *Interference*. But then I could have forgiven it anything if its plot had ever amounted to much more than fanboy obsessions and political angst . . .

No-one's pretending the first BBC Books were great – they were backwards-looking in some regards and over-reliant on series continuity, but isn't that true of later titles like *Unnatural History* and *Interference*? Is that all the editors think their readers want – that, and a misplaced sense of realism involving lots of swearing and the Doctor suffering endless abuse? Let's have some new stories that can be read without a degree in continuity – and, please, just for once a companion who isn't a psychiatric case study. Whatever you say, *The Eight Doctors* was more fun than this.

Mike Hickman
Havant, Hants

Don't worry! This is not going to be another up-in-arms complaint about Lawrence Miles' approach to continuity in *Interference*. Personally I don't have a problem with it, though I do worry about the power of the Faction Paradox – it seems to give us the ability to do away with TV adventures we don't like (*Timelash* and *The Twin Dilemma* for the chopping block, anyone?).

No, my concern is the coverage of the books in the hallowed pages of **DWM**. I think this is perhaps best demonstrated by the lack of acknowledgement given to the fact that the Doctor has acquired a new companion. For those who were left just as confused by the final pages of *Interference* as me, I'm talking about Compassion.

Time was, a new companion was a great event in the series, with press calls used to introduce the character to we faithful. Now, I fully understand the BBC's decision to maintain an air of secrecy around the events in *Interference*, but I just feel there needs to be some acknowledgement of a change in the central characters – or are we moving further away from coverage of the novels? I honestly believe that there are those who probably aren't even aware of Compassion's status as 'the latest one'.

I, for one, would like to offer Compassion a slightly belated welcome aboard the TARDIS and am looking forward to seeing where this latest story arc takes us (it ends with Paul Cornell's first *Who* since 1996, what more do we want?!).

Tom Wilton
via e-mail

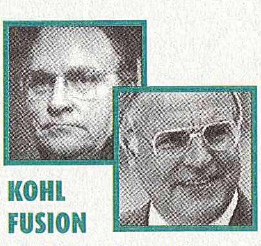
DWM was expressly asked by BBC Books *not* to reveal the fact that Compassion joins the TARDIS crew in *Interference* – nor, indeed, to state that *Interference* was Sam's last story (which is why we suddenly dropped 'cast details' for the Eighth Doctor novels from *Collector's Heaven* some time ago). We don't believe in 'spoiler sections' – if it's a surprise, it'll remain a surprise. We don't think it's appropriate to assume that all our readers will read the novels on the exact day, week or even month of publication, either (overseas readers usually couldn't, even if they wanted to). So as a very general rule, we won't reveal significant plot twists for three months following publication of any one novel. The same applies for the audio plays. There's no anti-books agenda here; we'd hardly have given five pages over to *Interference* otherwise, would we?

That's it for this issue – sadly, there's no space left to even *begin* to address your many responses to Daniele N Marco's letter in **DWM** 282's *Timelines*. Now there's a treat for next month . . .

I WAS THERE!

Back in **DWM** 280, a pic taken during the location shoot for *Shada* inspired us to make an admittedly optimistic appeal for more of the same. Jigger us sideways, but what should turn up but these snaps of Canadian readers **Misha Lauenstein** [above] and **Kevin Hodge** [below] alongside Seventh Doctor Sylvester McCoy at the Chinatown location shoot for the 1996 TV Movie?

There must be more. We want them . . .



KOHL FUSION

More lookee-likeys, this one from **Andrew Gardner**: "in *The Enemy of the World*, Donald Bruce (played by Colin Douglas) bears a remarkable likeness to Helmut Kohl, former Chancellor of Germany. I wonder if they are by chance related?" Judge for yourselves (we're convinced). Meanwhile, **Ed Stradling** came up with an unlikely doppelganger for plucky Xeron rebel Dako [The Space Museum] – **DWM** co-editor Alan Barnes. As if a suggestion that ridiculous would ever make it into print.

If you tolerate this your children will be next

With a whole new teatime audience for Doctor Who, Vic Camford wonders how a new series can grab the hearts and minds of the young . . .

Five issues ago, Gary Gillatt interviewed six *Doctor Who* fans whose present careers as television writers cast an interesting complexion on their opinions of the show's future potential. The article, *We're gonna be bigger than Star Wars!*, has generated a huge response from **DWM** readers, who have applied themselves with vigour and wit to the business of applauding and condemning its content in more or less equal measure. As a result, Gary's invited me to put pen to paper in an attempt to delve into some fundamental questions about where we now stand as fans of *Doctor Who*.

Much of what follows will inevitably be coloured (but not clouded, I hope) by my own opinions, but I really must stress that I don't presume to set myself up above you as some kind of *Doctor Who* demagogue. This article has involved a great deal of soul-searching and self-enquiry, and is addressed as much to myself as it is to you. What exactly is it that we want, you and I, from *Doctor Who*?

While I can't say I personally agree with every single opinion aired by the gang of six – the desire of one of them to make *Doctor Who* "more character-led" with "an emotional content" sounds distressingly like the kind of Americanised personality-cult sci-fi which classic *Doctor Who* always avoided being, while the notion that "any actor with the right stuff to carry a series is unlikely to be a complete unknown" can only be parried with the riposte 'Tom Baker' – the article certainly raised some vital, fascinating and intelligent points. I particularly enjoyed the pragmatic observations of Mark Gatiss ("*Doctor Who* is a magical show, but there's nothing magical about its production. All it takes is care, commitment and talent") and Steven Moffat ("The way you'd know you'd got it right would be if the 11 year-olds all jumped up and down and said it was the best show ever and all the sadder *Doctor Who* fans muttered that it was no longer serious adult drama like it was when they were 11"). This last point is by no means as flip as it might initially appear. As fans we've grown so close to *Doctor Who* that we can sometimes do it more harm than good, and we only have to look back at our own conduct over the years to realise that, no matter in what shape, size or format *Doctor Who* eventually reappears, there will be plenty of us who'll hate it. Going on past form, that much is practically guaranteed.

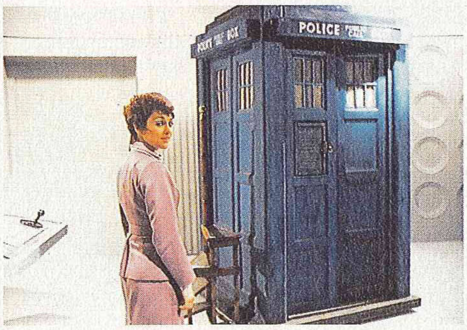
Now, don't get me wrong. If *Doctor Who* were to come back as an ill-conceived load of old rubbish (as, in some opinions, it did three years ago) we'd be perfectly within our rights to hate it, but that's not really my point. What I'm suggesting is that perhaps we should make a pact right now to throw out every last preconception we have about *Doctor Who*. If the show is ever going to return, it will need to attract a new following of a size and demographic that we ourselves simply cannot provide. We might very well be fans of *Doctor Who*, we might feel loyal and possessive about the programme and its history, but we really do have to get our heads around the concept that when the show eventually returns, it will not be ours and ours alone. There will need to be *millions* of others who watch it for no more frantic reason than that they *quite like it*. They won't go nuts about it, they won't buy all the merchandise or visit the websites or even remotely consider buying a copy of **DWM**, but if *Doctor Who* is to survive these are the viewers it will nonetheless have to attract back week after week. Are we prepared to let that new audience in? Are we, in short, prepared to lay down our fanhood for the sake of future generations?

Should we be prepared to lay down our fanhood for the sake of future generations?

The trouble is, if we're going to be honest with ourselves, the very fact that we're paid-up *Doctor Who* fans quite possibly puts us among the least appropriate candidates to determine or dictate the future of the programme. Of course we care passionately about it, and of course we can't stop ourselves speculating and hoping and wishing, but what we want from *Doctor Who* is in some respects too complex and confused to attract the millions of viewers we also want it to have. Our perception of the show is incredibly intricate, tangled up in all sorts of emotive issues that often have more to do with nostalgia than with common sense. And that's fine. It's why we're fans. But we've got to be prepared to see ourselves and our passions for what they are.

One of our handicaps is that we constantly expect too much of *Doctor Who*. Each new morsel of the show that appears, be it the Paul McGann TV movie, *The Sirens of Time*, the Comic Relief skit or whatever, is likely to be held up against *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* or *The Web of Fear* or *The Caves of Androzani*, and if it doesn't come up to scratch it stands the risk of being tossed aside with disdain. We're tempted to believe that we know what constitutes good and bad *Doctor Who*, and our very possessiveness is in danger of condemning us to eternal disappointment. As fan writer Tat Wood pointed out in his excellent letter to *Timelines* in **DWM** 281,

Photos: BBC Video [8] Richard Bignell [4] Tony Clark [1]



"To make each episode an 'event' would be to raise ludicrously high expectations." The same syndrome can be seen hovering around *The Phantom Menace*, a film so absurdly hyped over the months prior to its release – largely by *Star Wars* fans themselves – that it couldn't help but disappoint many of them. When the original *Star Wars* film appeared in 1977, it came out of nowhere. Nobody outside George Lucas' inner circle knew much about it or expected anything of it. As we know, it became the cinema phenomenon of its day, grossing millions, spawning sequels and drastically rewriting the style of fantasy entertainment with a glut of imitators – indeed, late 1970s *Doctor Who* was by no means immune to its influence. Two decades later, too many *Star Wars* fans expected *everything* of *The Phantom Menace*, and for those unprepared to enjoy the innocent fun for what it was – or to admit to themselves that that's all the original film was – the burden of expectation was too great for any movie to bear. Need I draw the obvious parallel between *An Unearthly Child* and where we stand now?

Time was when not every *Doctor Who* story was supposed to be a big one, a ball-breaking all-time classic with important developments and changes in the regular cast and returning villains and the end of the universe looming at the end of Part Three. Gradually those sort of adventures started gaining ascendancy over the little ones, but in order for an ongoing show to provide what Tat Wood calls "a drip-feed into the national psyche", *Doctor Who* sorely needs its lovingly-crafted *Macra Terrors* and *Horror of Fang Rocks* and *Four to Doomsdays* just as much as it needs its blockbusters. More, perhaps. No drama series can be epic 100 per cent of the time. That's just tedious.

Doctor Who has inspired youthful interest in physics, archaeology and literature, among others

Another hugely revealing aspect of *The Phantom Menace* aftermath is the grumpy reaction of those critics who complained that George Lucas seemed to have aimed the movie at children. Well, of course he did. Do they think that the original films were aimed somewhere else? Even the reviewer from the relentlessly *Star Wars*-worshipping *Empire* magazine huffed that the new light relief character Jar Jar Binks "seems to have wandered in from a Disney franchise", as though his antecedents Chewbacca and C3PO had more in common with the films of Ingmar Bergman. The 30-somethings who now dominate media publishing were children themselves when the first *Star Wars* movie was released, and a lot of them seem unable to grasp that that's why they love the original so much. If they really wanted the *Star Wars* franchise to grow up alongside them they might as well forget George Lucas and stick to Tim Burton.

This has a direct relation with our own experiences, because as *Doctor Who* fans we're old hands at what the *Empire* crowd are only now getting to grips with. There are plenty among us who believe that *Doctor Who* is not for children, and that the best *Doctor Who* stories are the ones with blood and guts and machine-guns and 'gritty realism' and no jokes, but thankfully an increasing number of us have come to terms with the fact that *Doctor Who* is indeed a children's programme, or at the very least a family one. Apart from my wonderful great-uncle, who was 80 last year and is the dead spit of Professor Kettlewell from *Robot*, I don't think I know any *Doctor Who* fans who didn't begin their appreciation as children, and the vast majority of them will always state that their favourite era of the show is whatever happened to be on when they were eight or nine. Of course at that age, everyone at school watched it and loved it too. Only a few of us got stuck on *Doctor Who* through later life, and that makes us the odd ones, not them. So what exactly are we saying when we protest that the show isn't for kids? Are we saying that we and everyone we knew watched it by accident as children, and then when we grew up we found ourselves among the tiny minority who realised it was actually for grown-ups? Don't be daft.

Doctor Who fans will forever be divided between those who believe *Resurrection of the Daleks* to be more grown-up than *Destiny of the Daleks* (and those who believe the exact opposite, but that's a slightly different debate). As Steven Moffat so rightly observed in **DWM** 279, "For decades, many fans have become so insecure about being fixated on a kids' series that they have decided to believe it was serious adult drama, and then proceeded to slag off whole eras of the series for not being serious, adult and dramatic enough!" He's so right. When *Doctor Who* itself started believing that it was 'serious adult drama' in the mid-1980s, it lost the plot entirely for a while. As then-script editor Eric Saward became preoccupied with hard-bitten mercenaries, pump-action machine pistols and Kensington gore, the Doctor's central moral imperatives evaporated and he spent much of Season 22 murdering people while all around him the supporting characters were seen drinking, smoking and even picking their noses. Real adult drama, and not in any way childish. There were a lot of fans who loved it, and some of them later went on to consolidate this version of *Doctor Who* in the *New Adventures* novels, which developed the trend by giving neuroses and sex lives to the Doctor's companions while he tackled showpiece socio-political issues no longer disguised as Cybermen or ruthless alien companies. While some good undoubtedly emerged from this – notably an overdue redressing of *Doctor Who*'s notoriously quaint gender politics – few would disagree that from the very outset the *New Adventures* were pitched at a specific, frankly ghettoised readership. The *Doctor Who* I used to love had a far wider appeal because its allegiance was not to an audience hungry for sexed-up blood'n'guts sci-fi, but to an affectionate, imaginative realignment of fairytale and pantomime.

Ah, pantomime. Now there's a word that *Doctor Who* fans just love to trot out as the lowest form of critical abuse. Well, you take yourself along to a decent pantomime this Christmas, sit among a family audience shouting and yelling along to a fabular narrative of good versus evil, and ask yourself candidly whether the spirit of *Doctor Who* might benefit from a bit less of the *Mother Courage* and a bit more of the *Mother Goose*. There's no need to be ashamed. You can be as unapologetic about loving *Doctor Who* as you can about loving Roald Dahl, AA Milne or *Wacky Races*. Like *Doctor Who*, they are loved by children, and like *Doctor Who* they all incorporate great material for adults which you get round to discovering later. Can you honestly say the same of *Resurrection of the Daleks*? The best *Doctor Who* is for children, and that's a noble, beautiful, fine thing for it to be. Admitting it to yourself is a truly liberating experience.

Jon Pertwee on location for *The Mind of Evil*

The reason why this matters is that if *Doctor Who* is ever to return with any success, it will have to find an audience. But perish the thought that it should ever 'aim' itself at children any more than it should 'aim' itself at adults. With a strong guiding hand and a commitment to telling good stories, *Doctor Who*'s audience will find it for themselves. Besides *Star Wars*, this summer's other media phenomenon has been Harry Potter, the hero of a series of children's novels so popular that the latest book had to be released into the shops after school hours on the day of publication to dissuade children from playing truant in their haste to snap it up. JK Rowling's books have been the subject of some canny marketing, to be sure (indeed, something that speaks volumes is the simultaneous release of the new novel in a redesigned 'adult' jacket calculated to obviate embarrassment at being seen reading it on the train), but the exhilarating thing is that you can't *design* that sort of success. The reason why teachers and publishers and Radio 4 beard-strokers have been able to rejoice at the younger generation's rediscovery of the written word is largely down to the genuine quality of the Potter books themselves. It's the children, not the marketing men, who have made Harry a success, because if the books weren't any good they'd be spending their pocket money on something else.

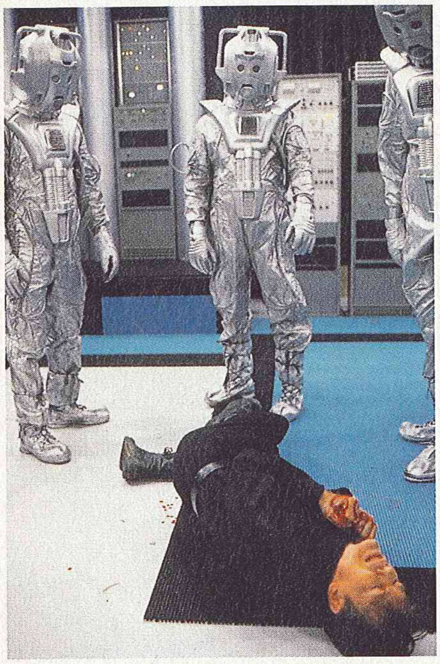
So – a heavy emphasis has to be put on the need for good, original stories, told with talent and imagination. Unfortunately, a great deal of television production these days operates in such a way that any interesting bumps and wrinkles introduced by talented writers are in danger of being smoothed away by endless board meetings, rewrites, market research reports, focus groups and so on; when timorous TV executives try to please everybody they end up with the likes of *Harbour Lights*, television so gutless that nobody wants it. But as Mark Gatiss and company proved so magnificently with *The League of Gentlemen*, when the boardroom wreckers keep their hands off, talent will out. What *Doctor Who* needs above all else is the freedom to be itself.

> **The best Doctor Who is for children – and that's a noble, beautiful, fine thing for it to be**

And what would that be, exactly? There's another sub-division among us whose ideal *Doctor Who* would consist of intricate 'story arcs' involving emotional developments among the regulars and detailed back-stories about the Valeyard, the Eye of Harmony, the Interplanetary Mining Corporation and obscure members of the Lethbridge-Stewart family. Steven Moffat provoked a few cross responses when he announced that: "I'd chuck out all gratuitous continuity because it's dull – and all that yawn-inducing Gallifrey rubbish with it. I don't care where the Doctor came from or why he travels around the universe – I just want him out of those TARDIS doors and having adventures. Us kids want Narnia, not the wardrobe." Again, I have to agree unreservedly. Our interest as fans inevitably draws us towards the established rituals of *Doctor Who* history, but just think for a moment how many of the very best stories fulfil exactly what Moffat proposes. Take your pick – *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, *Kinda*, *The Robots of Death*, *Image of the Fendahl*, *The Curse of Fenric*, pretty much any story you care to mention from the 1960s. Don't you yearn for the days when the TARDIS just materialised in a field somewhere and the Doctor walked to the scene of the adventure? None of that drivel about the web of time, or the Cloister Bell, or Artron Energy – he just stepped out of the TARDIS and got stuck in. There's a time and a place, of course, for such ingredients (providing a successful framing device for a series of otherwise original escapades in the enjoyable *The Sirens of Time*, which had little alternative but to play the 'fan loyalty' card first and foremost), but when *Doctor Who* falls too much in love with its own continuity, it becomes at best an indigestible feast.

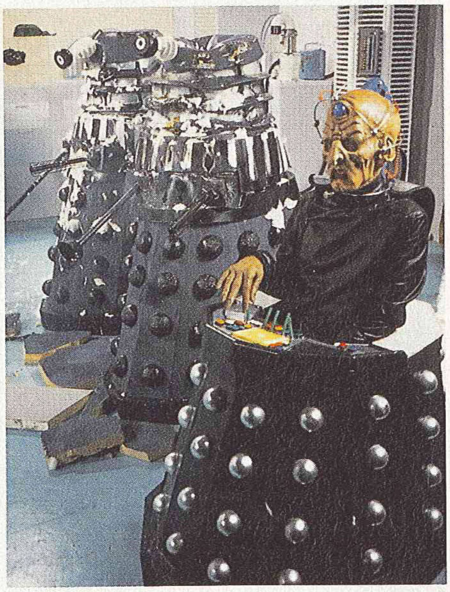
As for what these adventures might actually entail – well, that's a matter for endless discussion, and it would be pointless to go into it here. But I'm compelled to make an observation that might upset just as many people as the one about the show being for children. It's this: *Doctor Who* really isn't, in any recognisable sense, science fiction.

As Stephen Cartwright demonstrated a couple of years ago in **DWM**'s *Roots* series, and as Tat Wood more recently pointed out in *Timelines*, when *Doctor Who* was great it wasn't a sci-fi show at all, but a bizarre hybrid of all the other kinds of programme-making at which the BBC happened to excel at the time. It leapfrogged across genres, mixing and matching them to achieve unique and often surreal results, in exactly the same way that comedy shows like *Monty Python's Flying Circus* used to do in the early 1970s. Obviously the tone of the thing is totally different, but a pack of robot Yeti rampaging through the London Underground, or a disfigured war criminal from the year 4000 coming on like Fu Manchu in a Victorian theatre while the Doctor dresses up as Sherlock Holmes, are concepts which have far more in common with the classic *Goodies* episode *Bunfight at the OK Tea Rooms* (a spoof land-claim Western in which the goldmine spouts clotted cream and the guns are tomato ketchup squeezers) than with anything you'll ever find in 'real' SF. Let it be said again, the essence of *Doctor Who* lies not in a painstakingly mapped-out alternative universe of rationalised science-fiction concepts and continuities (as is the case with, for example, *Star Wars*, *Star Trek* and *Babylon 5*), but in the reckless pillaging of everything from costume drama to 1950s bug flicks. The story is all. The back-story is nothing.



Plenty of fans believe that the best stories are 'realistic', with blood and guts and no jokes

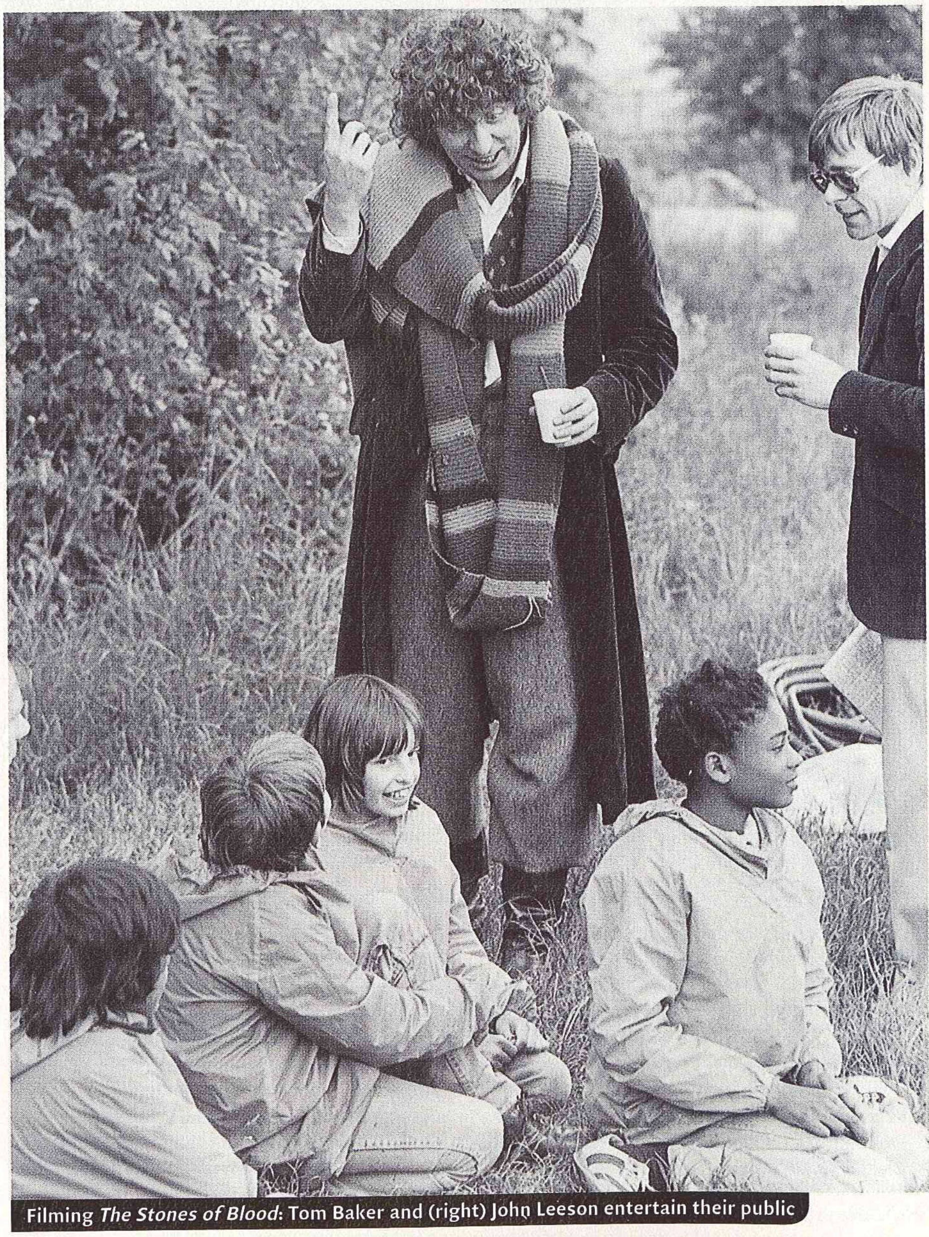
Not every fan believes that the essence of *Doctor Who* resides in the ongoing mythology of Time Lords and Daleks, but certainly a substantial faction does. So here's an interesting thing to ponder. Although the two stories which arguably did more than any others to establish those mythologies are now considered to be classics, in their day they were widely reviled by fans for the very reason that they contradicted – or, with more reasonable hindsight, rearranged – the history that had been sketched out in previous episodes. *Genesis of the Daleks* and *The Deadly Assassin* were both produced by Philip Hinchcliffe, now frequently regarded as the man behind *Doctor Who*'s finest seasons. But it was not always thus.



In the autumn of 1976, Hinchcliffe told the press that he was deliberately steering *Doctor Who* away from Daleks and Cybermen to explore a universe of more original and extraordinary terrors. We can look back on that statement now and readily agree that Hinchcliffe's stance was absolutely vindicated by the richness and glory of his final season. But at the time, amazing though it might seem to us now, *Doctor Who* fans who had become comfortably accustomed to at least one Dalek story per year took up their pens to lambast Hinchcliffe's awful abrogation of *Doctor Who*'s history and traditions. We have to face the fact that these fans, who hated the portrayal of Gallifrey in *The Deadly Assassin* and considered *The Masque of Mandragora* and *The Face of Evil* boring, would have preferred more stories in the vein of *Planet of the Daleks*. Because that, from their already rigid fan perspective, was what *Doctor Who* was.

Hinchcliffe, of course, has long since been rehabilitated and his stories lifted to the highest pedestal of fan acclaim. *Genesis of the Daleks*, loathed by the anti-Hinchcliffe lobby as a betrayal of *Doctor Who*'s past, was last year voted the best-ever story by **DWM** readers. Crucially, it's not just its historical significance that pushed *Genesis* to the top of the pile, but also the simple fact that it's a damned good story, well-told and well-made. It may contradict a few lines from the very first Dalek story and a load of extraneous flummery from the 1960s *Dalek Pocketbook*, but *Genesis* isn't disrespectful of the past in any meaningful sense. To be disrespectful implies an awareness of the object of one's disrespect. Like most Hinchcliffe stories, *Genesis of the Daleks* simply couldn't care less about what William Hartnell may or may not have said in one particular episode over a decade earlier, and quite right too. The only people who might possibly think twice about such an irrelevance are the fans who, although numbered in their thousands, matter not a squashed fig alongside the millions who tuned in to enjoy the story.

In **DWM** 279, Gareth Roberts quoted a *Coronation Street* maxim that "Anything that happened over six months ago is ancient history" – and before we throw up our hands in horror at such a sentiment we should note that *Doctor Who* maintained pretty much the same policy itself until well into the 1970s. As was mentioned in these pages some time ago, *The Three Doctors* was the first story ever to acknowledge anything that had happened more than a couple of seasons earlier (unless you want to



Filming *The Stones of Blood*: Tom Baker and (right) John Leeson entertain their public

"Would you like a jelly baby?" Chipping Norton children meet their hero, June 1978

count *The Mind of Evil*'s flashback sequence, but let's not get trivial). Apart from a quick mention of Ian, Susan and Barbara in the same season's *Planet of the Daleks*, arguably *Doctor Who*'s first truly self-conscious 'continuity reference', there were no further throwbacks until the Hinchcliffe stories began refashioning the Time Lords. Even then there was no need to know what had gone before – the Time Lords who crop up in *The Brain of Morbius* and *Genesis of the Daleks* require no previous knowledge on the part of the viewer, and it's perfectly obvious how they fit into the scheme of things. No, just like *The Deadly Assassin*, *Genesis of the Daleks* is far too busy being its own story, and because it gets its priorities right we end up with a piece of *Doctor Who* we can now, with the benefit of distance, recognise as a classic. With the ascendancy of organised fandom a few years later we started getting our own way, and ended up with tortuous continuity-fests that pandered to the fans, alienated the viewing public and helped get *Doctor Who* cancelled. In the **DWM** poll topped by *Genesis of the Daleks*, *Attack of the Cybermen* came in 92nd.

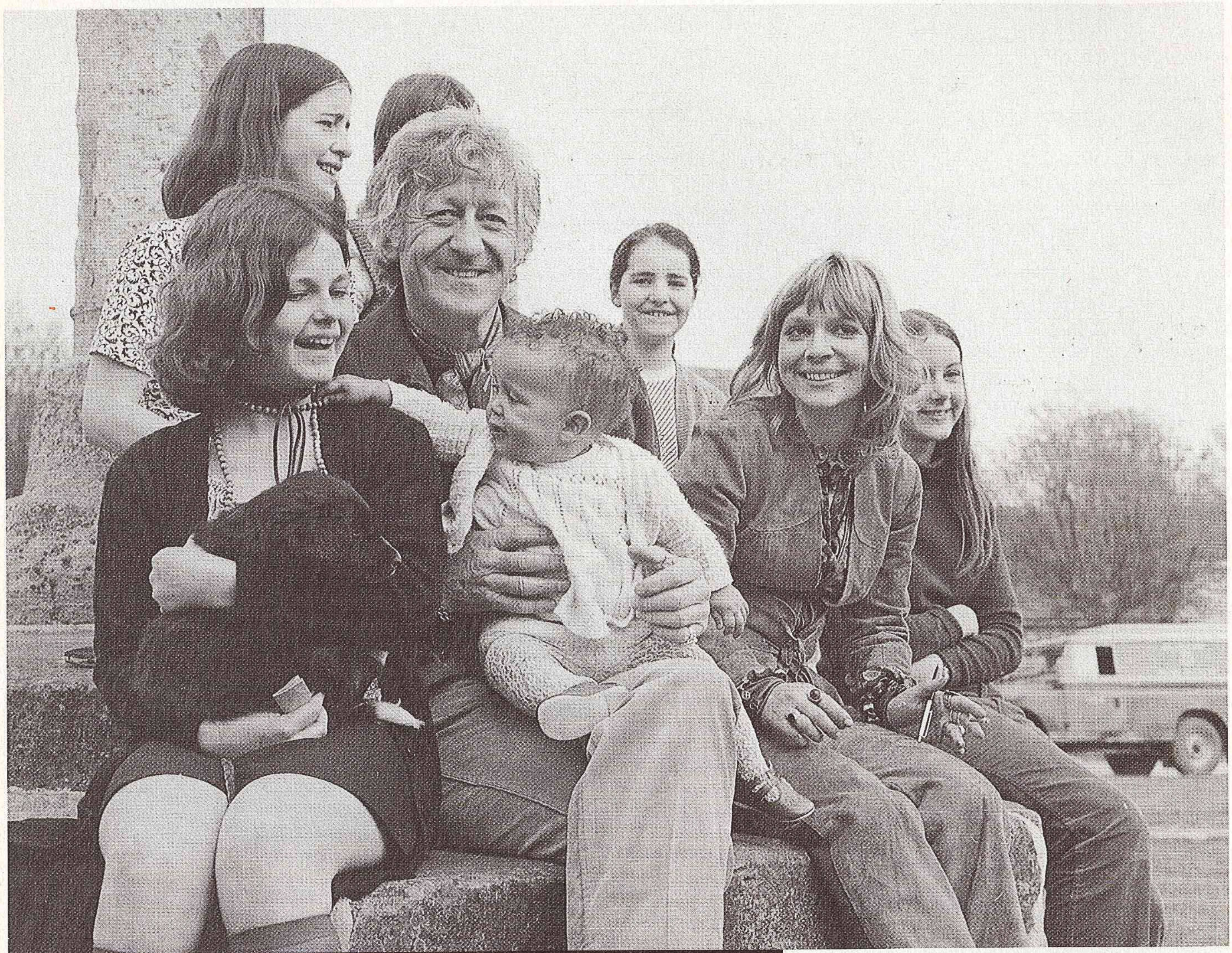
To return briefly to the *Star Wars* analogy, I was pleasantly surprised to find myself heartily enjoying a film I had unfairly assumed was going to be a self-indulgent mish-mash of simpering in-jokes and convoluted continuity references. Notwithstanding a few excusable in-moments, the most impressive feat George Lucas has pulled off with *The Phantom Menace* is that he's resisted the temptation to over-play to the fan audience, and instead has cut loose with creations as new and eccentric as anything in the original trilogy. I can't claim to be the world's biggest *Star Wars* fan, but I applaud Lucas for resolutely avoiding going down the *Attack of the Cybermen* route.

'Classic' Doctor Who absolutely epitomised the ideals of the BBC's remit as a public service broadcaster

It's instructive, then, to take note that many of the periods we now regard as the pinnacles of *Doctor Who* – Season Five's monster-mash, Season Seven's high-tech thrillers, Hinchcliffe's cinematic horror phase, *City of Death*'s unbridled inventiveness – are among the most unorthodox, radical retoolings ever seen in the programme. Each of them, even Season Five with its topping and tailing of Cybermen, vigorously sticks two fingers up at *Doctor Who*'s then-established history and sets about creating a new house style. By comparison, the later Pertwee seasons and the first half of the 1980s both see *Doctor Who* in danger of gathering dust as it begins to look backward more often than forward. The fitfully successful Cartmel era suffers from its attempts to incorporate its own imperatives with the ponderous baggage of established mythology, while the 1996 TV Movie would have got off to a far better start had it dropped all that unnecessary flapdoodle about Daleks and Gallifrey.

Part of the reason why *Doctor Who* was such a huge success in its heyday was that it was a show which defied generic classification. It wasn't aimed at science fiction fans any more than it was aimed exclusively at children or adults. In fact, one of the things I cherish most about 'classic' *Doctor Who* is that it absolutely epitomised the original ideals of the BBC's remit as a public service broadcaster. The changes wrought on the politics of television production since those days mean that *Doctor Who* could probably never regain quite the same kind of status – quite apart from anything else, programmes which used to be regarded as pieces of public property are now packaged and sold as 'product' with a post-Thatcherite disregard for their actual identity as creative artefacts – but any future production team would do well to remember that when the show was regularly pulling in over 10 million viewers, it rarely bothered pandering to sub-sections of its audience. Making no attempt to target any kind of genre market, *Doctor Who* set out to inform and entertain as wide a range of age, class and interest as it possibly could. It did so with talent, enthusiasm and authority, and the viewers arrived in droves.

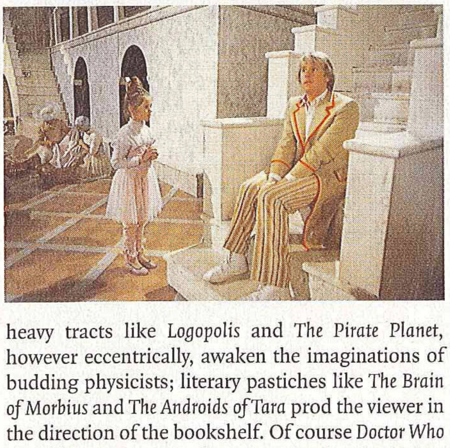
The talent and enthusiasm have been stressed enough already, but what's often sneered at nowadays is the authority. It has become fashionable among fans to laugh off *Doctor Who*'s original brief as a semi-educational show, and indeed it's hard to view such blatantly Reithian moments as Barbara's impromptu recitation about "the Indians of Central and Southern America" in *The Keys of Marinus* with anything other than a wry smile. But while we can safely set aside the early show's more flagrant examples of paternalistic spoon-feeding, *Doctor*



Aldbourne and new-born: Jon Pertwee, Katy Manning and friends between takes on *The Dæmons*

Who's identity as a piece of family television was always strongly influenced by the BBC's mission to inform as well as to entertain. The makers of sci-fi action movies may be at pains to stress their indebtedness to Japanese art-house directors or traditional mythic structures, but rarely could they claim to add much to the sum of human knowledge. By contrast, just off the top of my head, some of the many snippets I learned from *Doctor Who* as a child included a rough idea of what went on during the Third Crusade, the existence of the Van Allen Belt, some finer details about early Schemurlys and the internal decorations in the tomb of Tuthmoses III, and most importantly that the best way to shelter from a thermonuclear explosion is to retreat to a distance of 100 yards and crouch behind a jeep holding your nose. Okay, so the show didn't always get its facts right, but its willingness to spark interest and enthusiasm in young minds strikes me as something entirely honourable, and we do ourselves no favours by scoffing at it. The archaeological references in *Image of the Fendahl* and *The Stones of Blood* are painstakingly researched; historicals like *The Aztecs* and *The Massacre* are honest and dedicated attempts to educate via drama; techno-heavy tracts like *Logopolis* and *The Pirate Planet*, however eccentrically, awaken the imaginations of budding physicists; literary pastiches like *The Brain of Morbius* and *The Androids of Tara* prod the viewer in the direction of the bookshelf. Of course *Doctor Who* should never become didactic or boring, but when its best writers wove their magic from a position of intellectual rigour it certainly paid off. When I was a kid in the mid-1970s I looked up to the Doctor in much the same way that I looked up to Tony Hart or Johnny Morris or David Attenborough, and that side of the character is surely nearer to the heart of *Doctor Who* than any amount of sonic screwdrivers, reversed polarities and warp-ellipse cut-outs.

Perish the thought that Doctor Who should be aimed solely at either children *or* adults



Mark Gatiss declared in **DWM** 279 that any future *Doctor Who* production team should: "Throw it all up in the air . . . Nothing is sacred. Nothing is written. Start from scratch and keep the show vivid and alive." Yes, yes, yes. That's exactly the attitude that brought us *Doctor Who*'s original anti-type format (a grumpy old man as the hero, a police box as the time machine), and later the ridiculous, outrageous notion that the show might even get away with regenerating William Hartnell into another actor. It's the attitude that went on to infuse *Doctor Who*'s finest years. Let's not fall into the trap of believing that the show's parameters are now set in stone. If the programme is ever to ride again, it must set out to be what classic *Doctor Who* always was.

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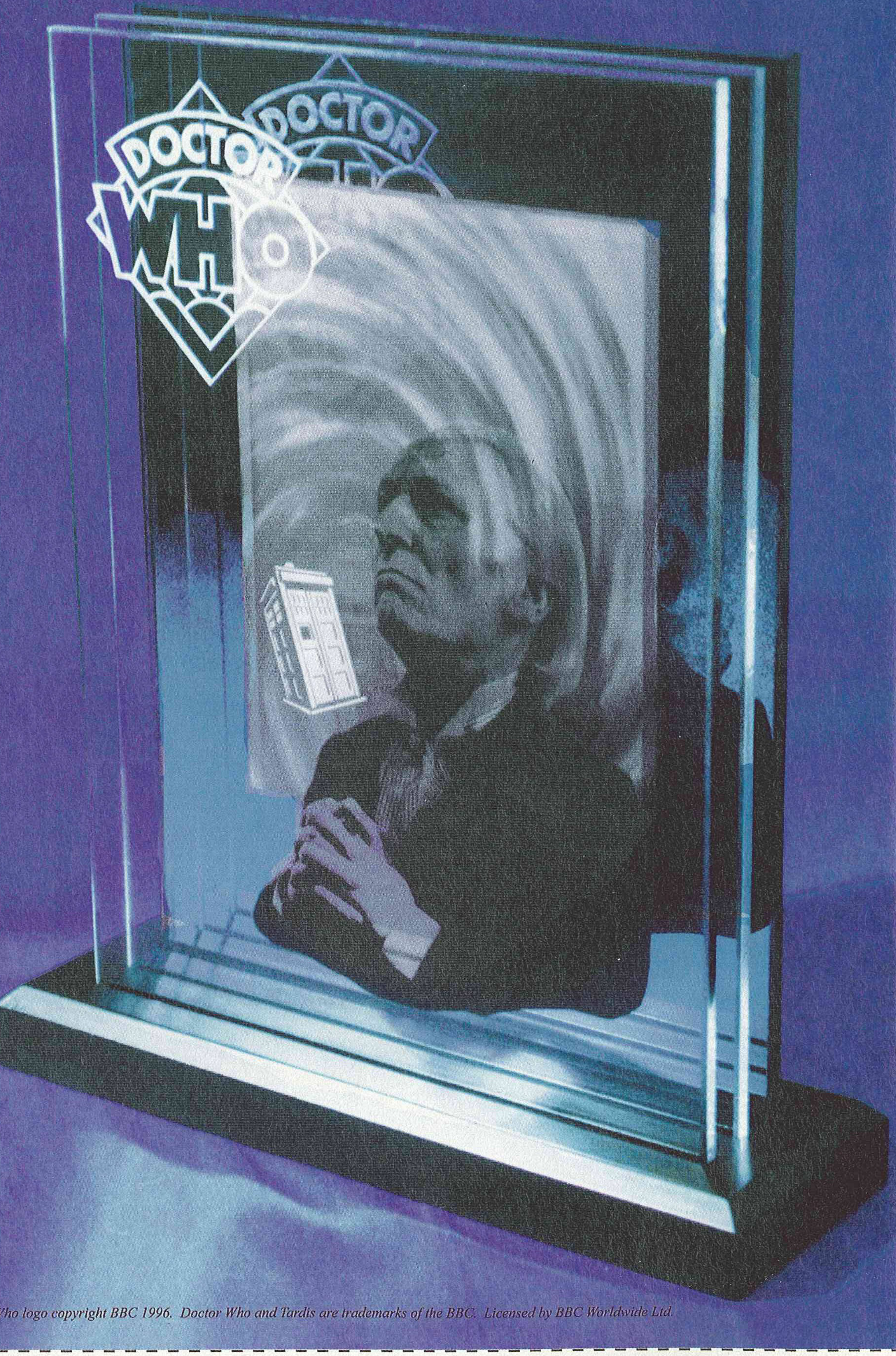

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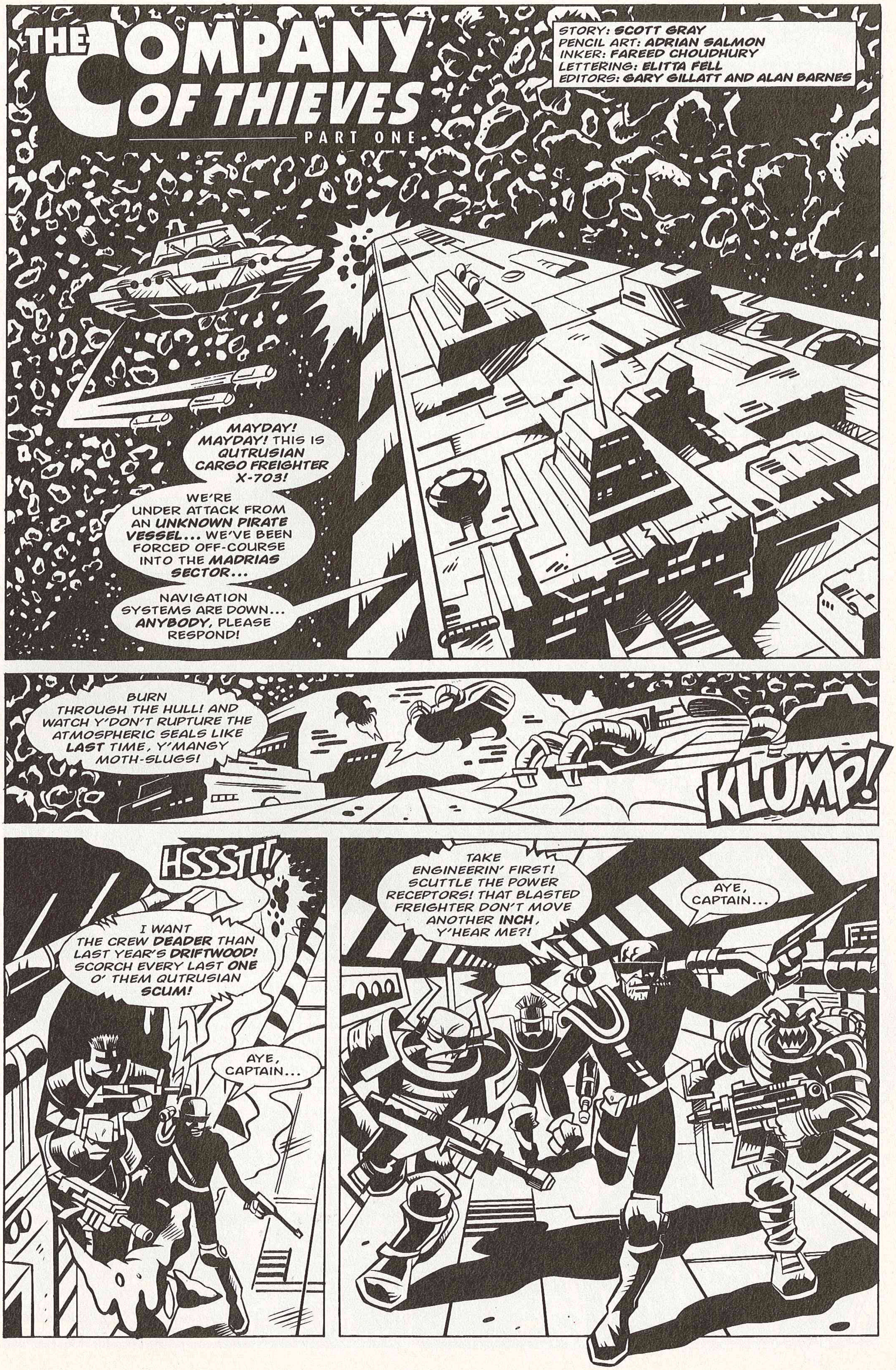
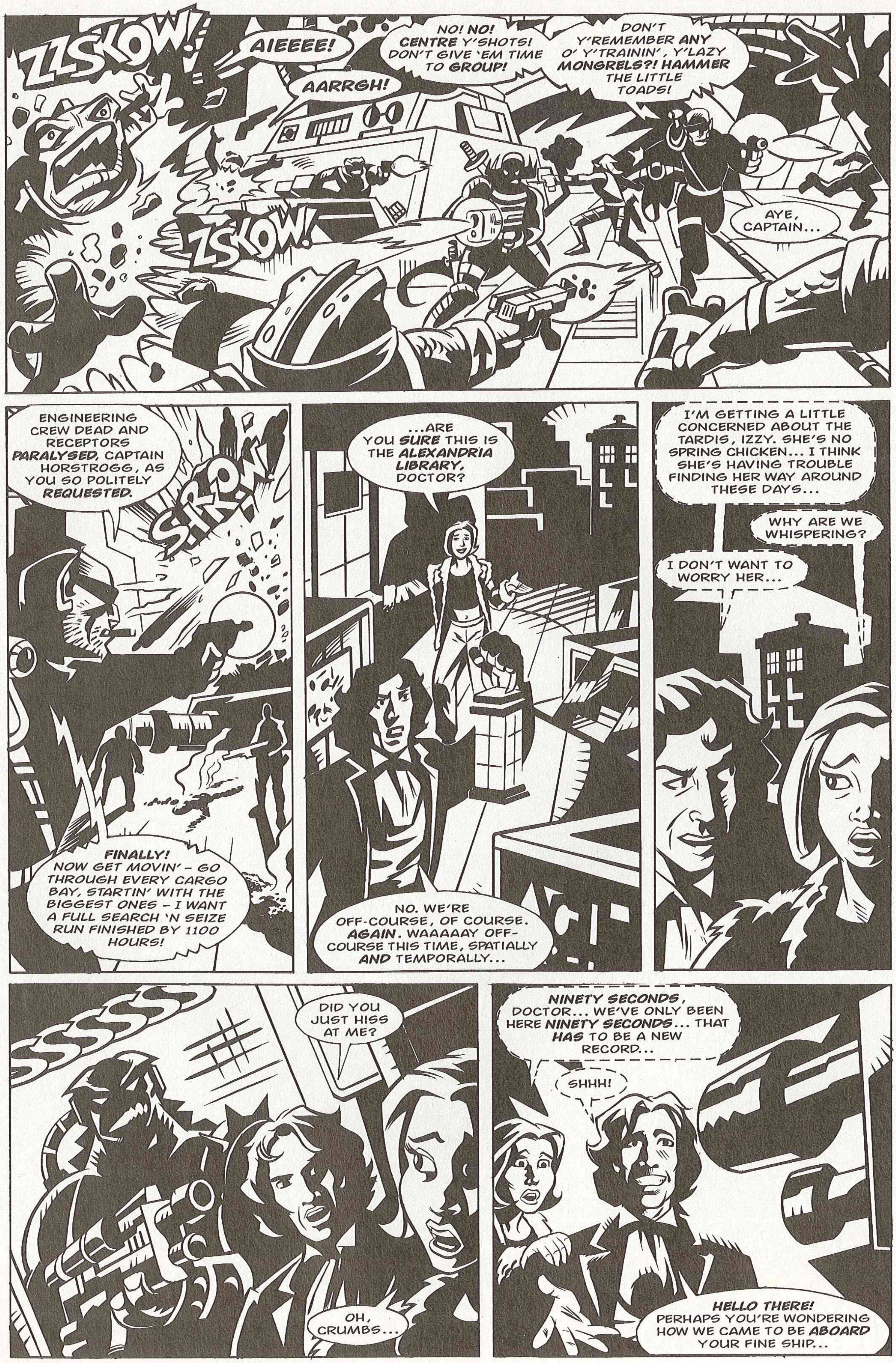
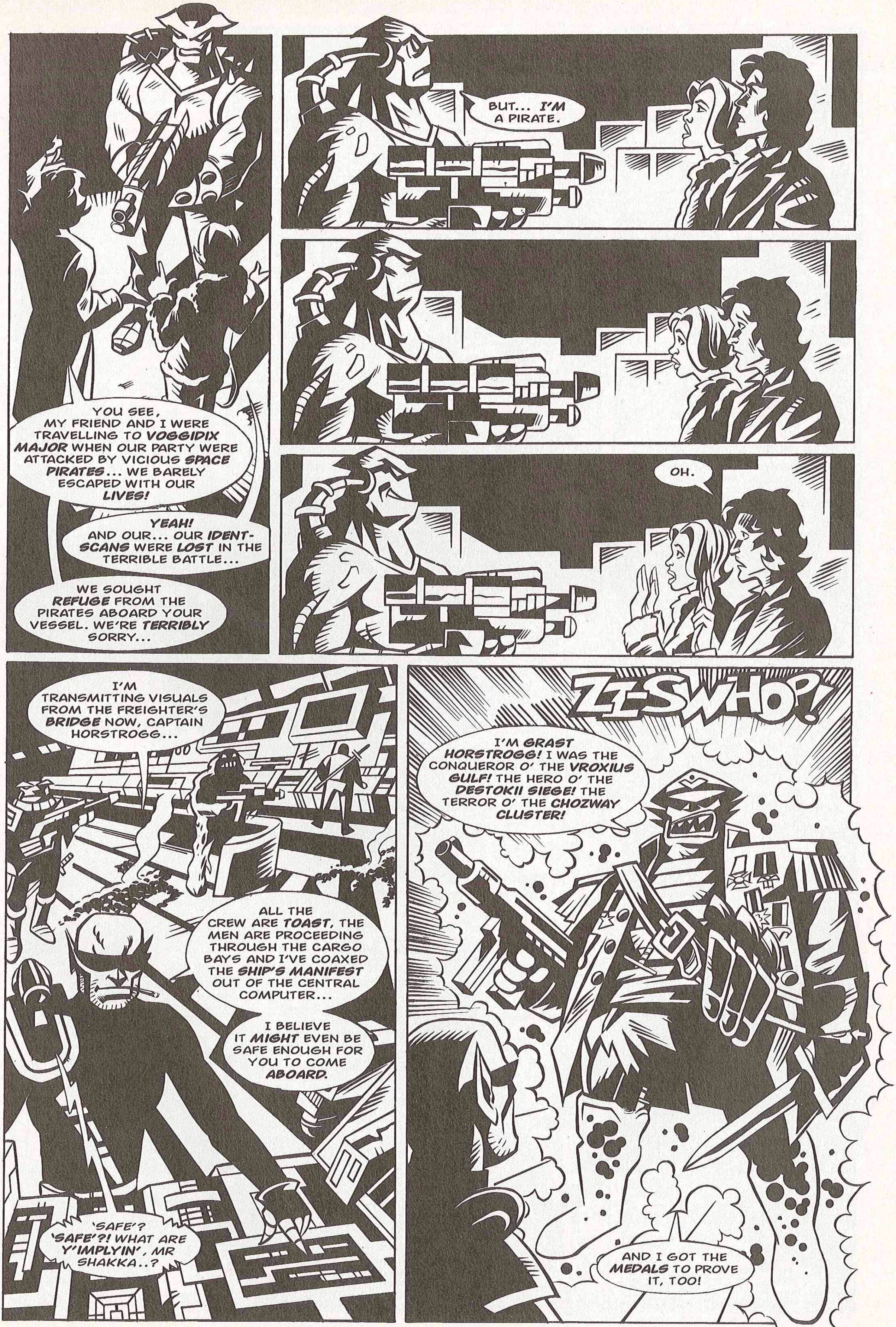
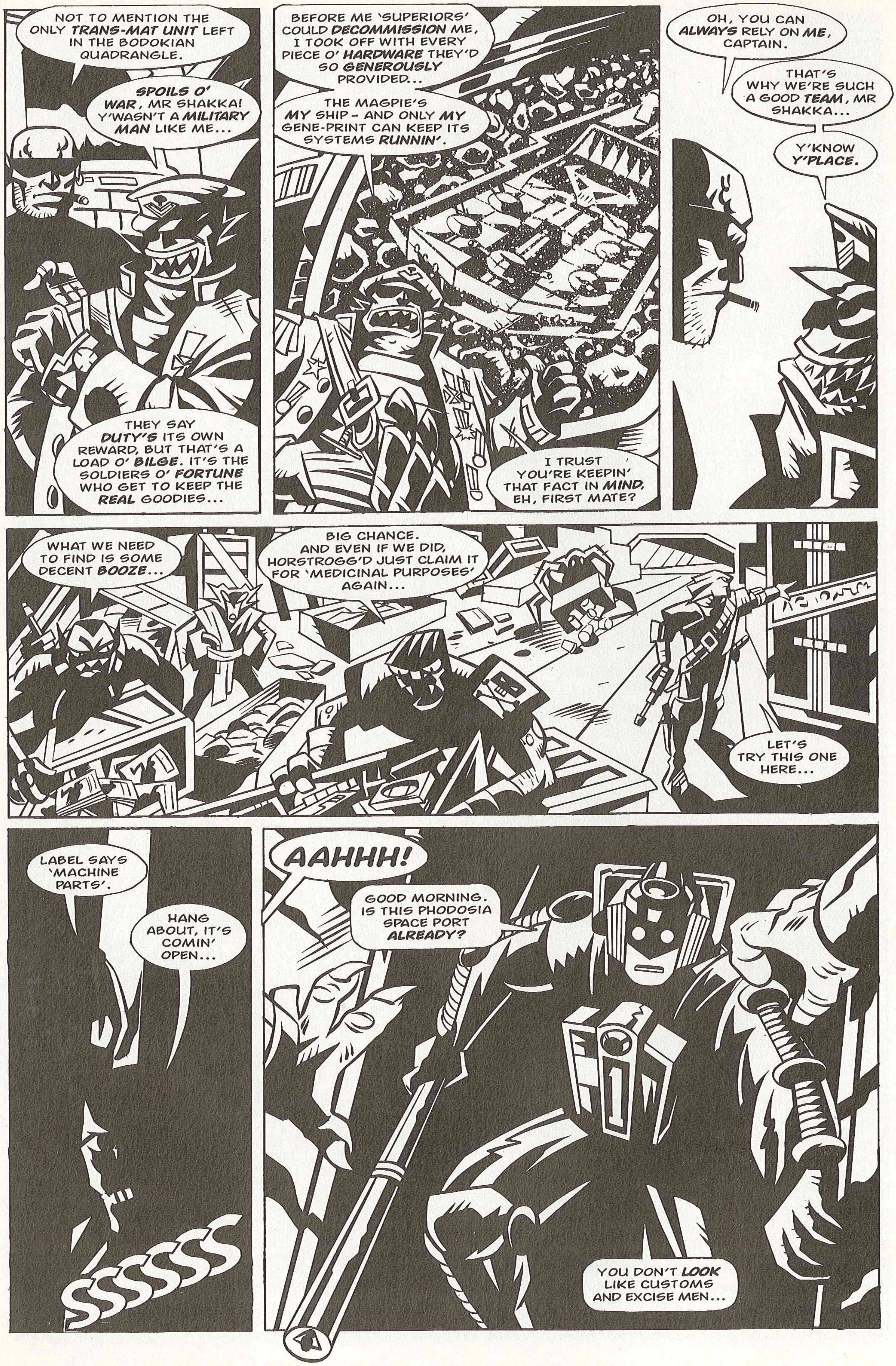
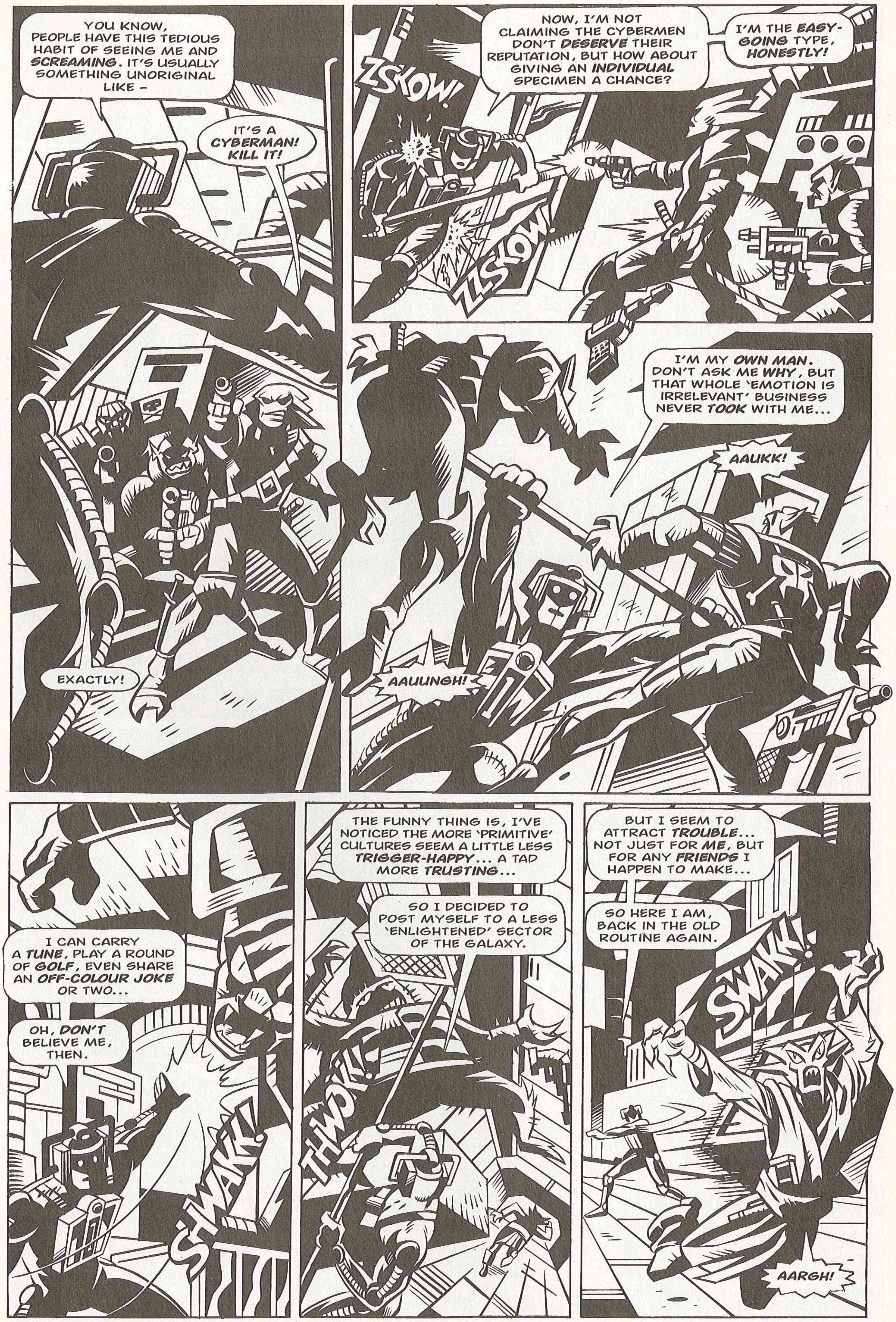
PENCIL ART: ADRIAN SALMON
INKER: FAREED CHOUDHURY
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND ALAN BARNES

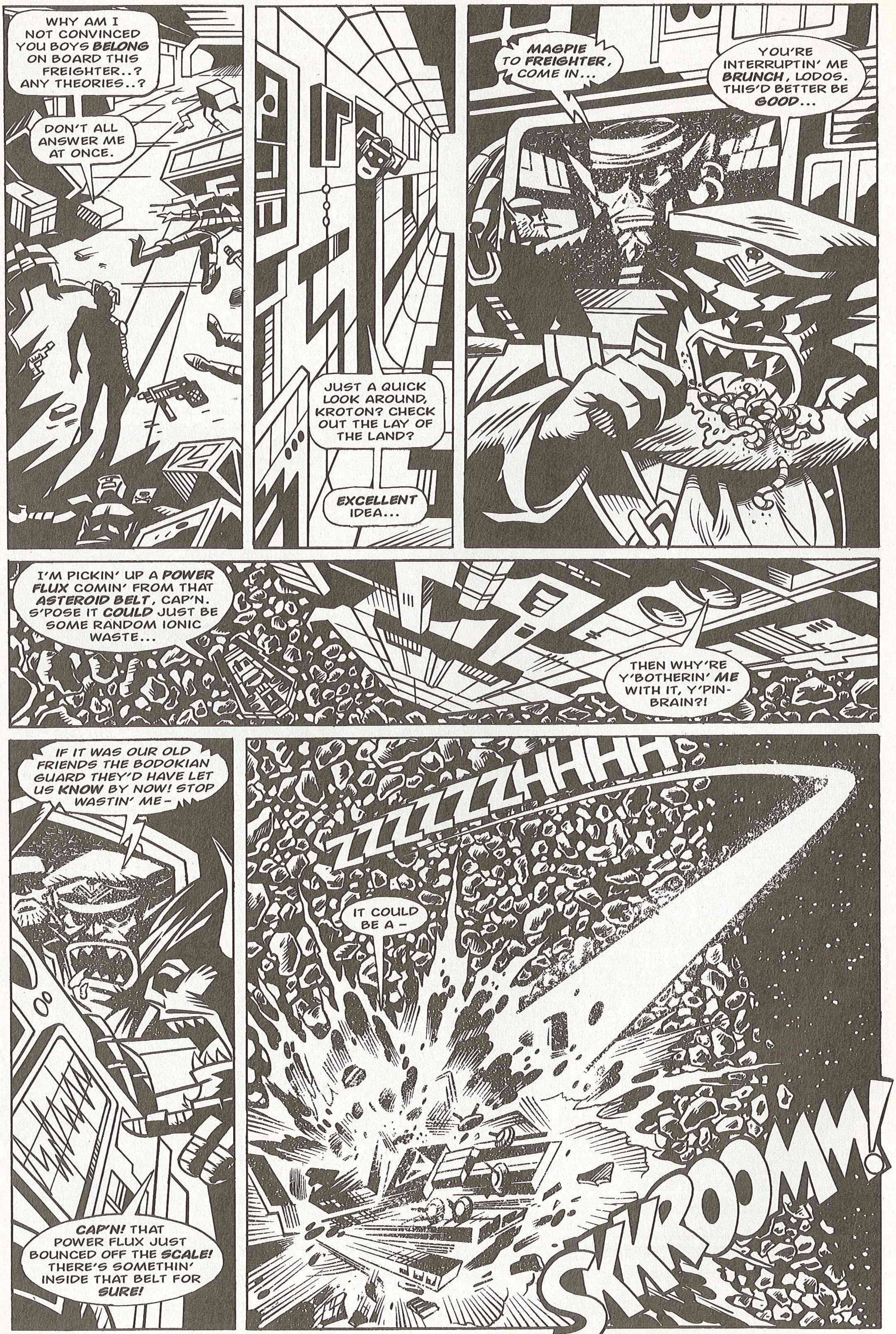

MAYDAY! MAYDAY! THIS IS QUTRUSIAN CARGO FREIGHTER X-703!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK FROM AN UNKNOWN PIRATE VESSEL... WE'VE BEEN FORCED OFF-COURSE INTO THE MADRIAS SECTOR...
NAVIGATION SYSTEMS ARE DOWN... ANYBODY, PLEASE RESPOND!
BURN THROUGH THE HULL! AND WATCH Y'DON'T RUPTURE THE ATMOSPHERIC SEALS LIKE LAST TIME, Y'MANGY MOTH-SLUGS!
KLUMP!
HSSSTT!
I WANT THE CREW DEADER THAN LAST YEAR'S DRIFTWOOD! SCORCH EVERY LAST ONE O' THEM QUTRUSIAN SCUM!
AYE, CAPTAIN...
TAKE ENGINEERIN' FIRST! SCUTTLE THE POWER RECEPTORS! THAT BLASTED FREIGHTER DON'T MOVE ANOTHER INCH, Y'HEAR ME?!
AYE, CAPTAIN...

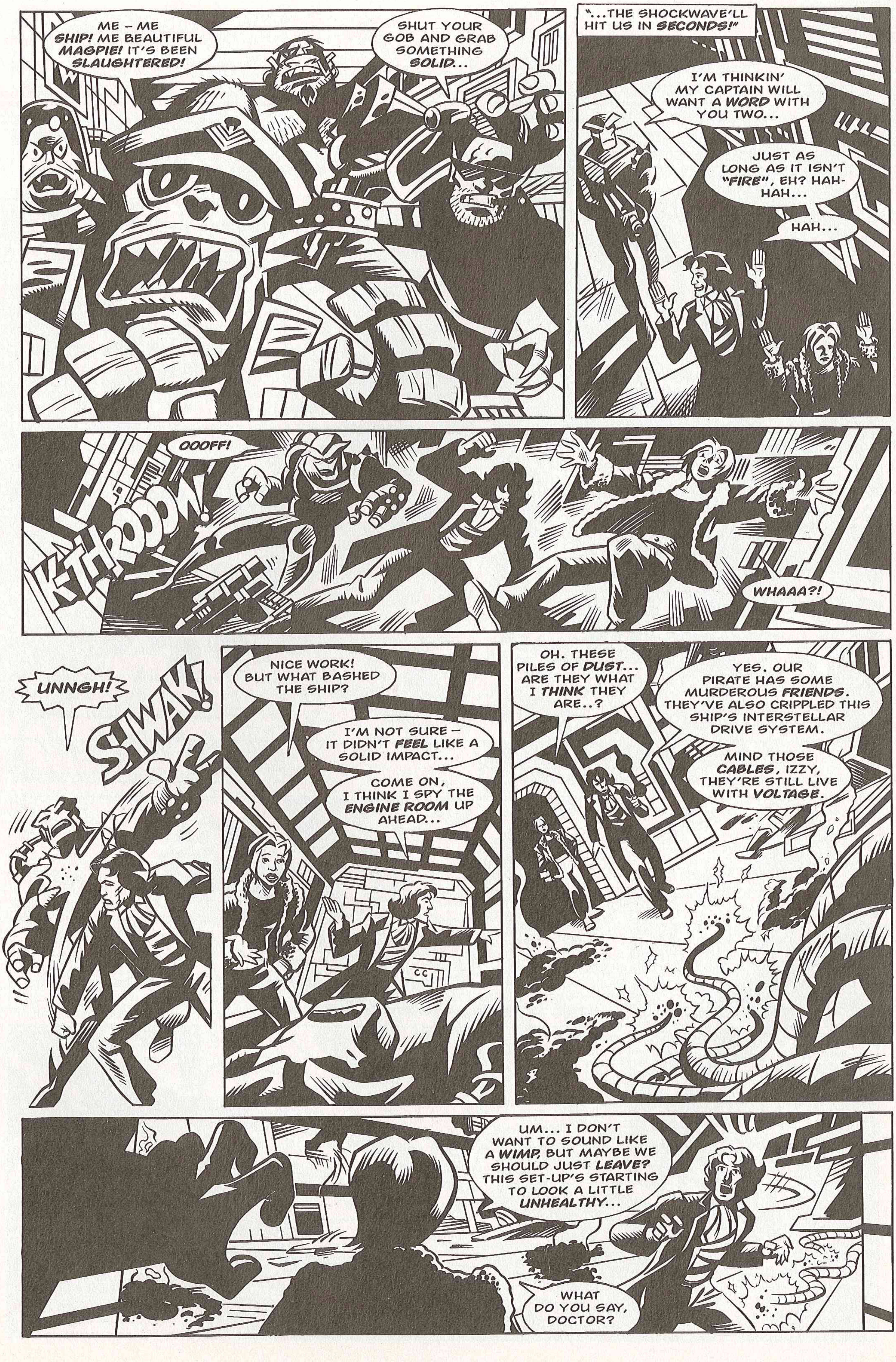

ZZSKOW!
AIEEEE!
AARRGH!
NO! NO! CENTRE Y'SHOTS! DON'T GIVE 'EM TIME TO GROUP!
DON'T Y'REMEMBER ANY O' Y'TRAININ', Y'LAZY MONGRELS?! HAMMER THE LITTLE TOADS!
ZZSKOW!
AYE, CAPTAIN...
ENGINEERING CREW DEAD AND RECEPTORS PARALYSED, CAPTAIN HORSTROGG, AS YOU SO POLITELY REQUESTED.
SPROW!
FINALLY! NOW GET MOVIN' – GO THROUGH EVERY CARGO BAY, STARTIN' WITH THE BIGGEST ONES – I WANT A FULL SEARCH 'N SEIZE RUN FINISHED BY 1100 HOURS!
...ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE ALEXANDRIA LIBRARY, DOCTOR?
NO. WE'RE OFF-COURSE, OF COURSE. AGAIN. WAAAAAY OFF-COURSE THIS TIME, SPATIALLY AND TEMPORALLY...
I'M GETTING A LITTLE CONCERNED ABOUT THE TARDIS, IZZY. SHE'S NO SPRING CHICKEN... I THINK SHE'S HAVING TROUBLE FINDING HER WAY AROUND THESE DAYS...
WHY ARE WE WHISPERING?
I DON'T WANT TO WORRY HER...
SSSSSS
DID YOU JUST HISS AT ME?
OH, CRUMBS...
NINETY SECONDS, DOCTOR... WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE NINETY SECONDS... THAT HAS TO BE A NEW RECORD...
SHHH!
HELLO THERE! PERHAPS YOU'RE WONDERING HOW WE CAME TO BE ABOARD YOUR FINE SHIP...

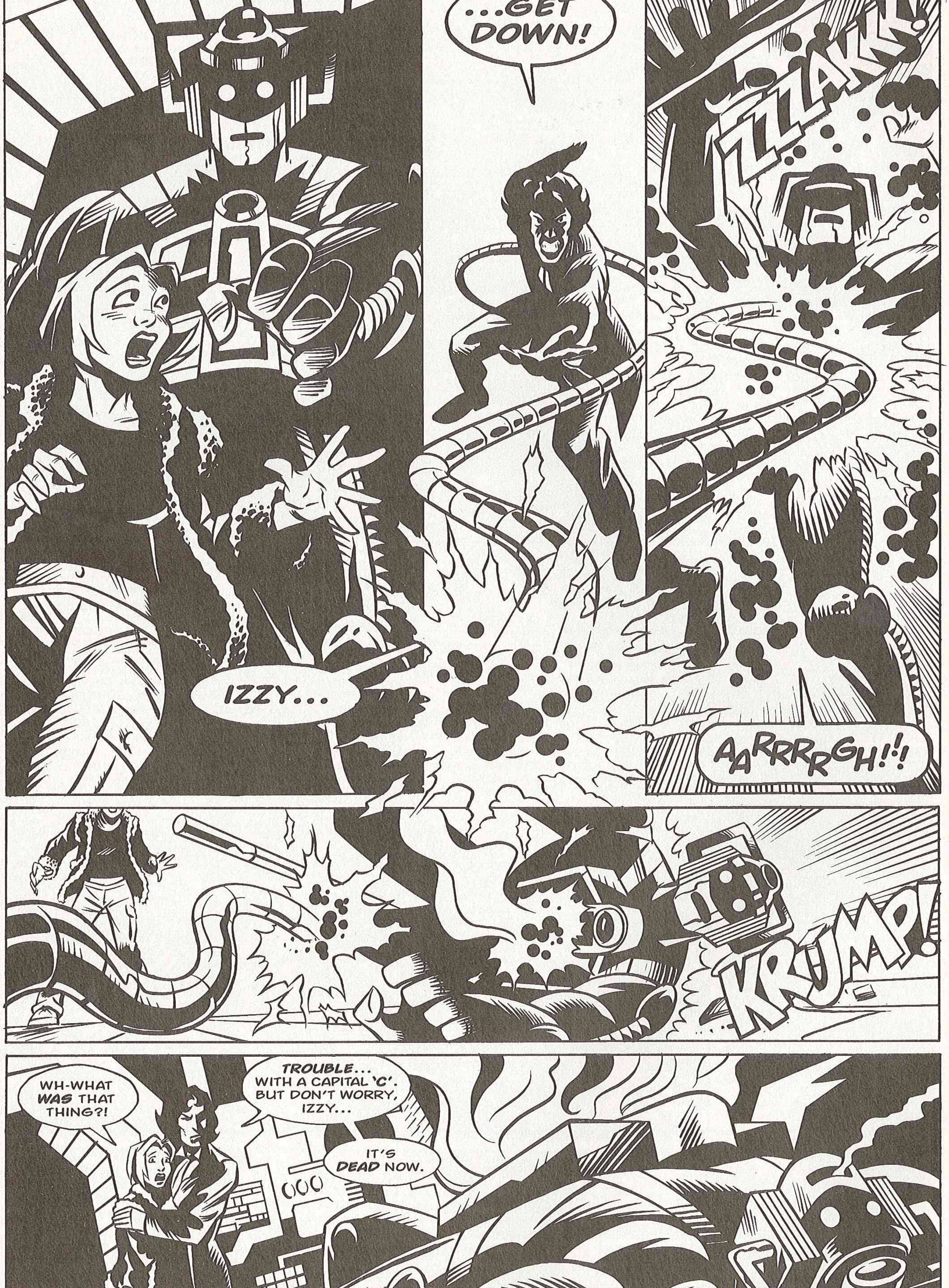

YOU SEE, MY FRIEND AND I WERE TRAVELLING TO VOGGIDIX MAJOR WHEN OUR PARTY WERE ATTACKED BY VICIOUS SPACE PIRATES... WE BARELY ESCAPED WITH OUR LIVES!
YEAH! AND OUR... OUR IDENT-SCANS WERE LOST IN THE TERRIBLE BATTLE...
WE SOUGHT REFUGE FROM THE PIRATES ABOARD YOUR VESSEL. WE'RE TERRIBLY SORRY...
BUT... I'M A PIRATE.
OH.
I'M TRANSMITTING VISUALS FROM THE FREIGHTER'S BRIDGE NOW, CAPTAIN HORSTROGG...
ALL THE CREW ARE TOAST, THE MEN ARE PROCEEDING THROUGH THE CARGO BAYS AND I'VE COAXED THE SHIP'S MANIFEST OUT OF THE CENTRAL COMPUTER...
I BELIEVE IT MIGHT EVEN BE SAFE ENOUGH FOR YOU TO COME ABOARD.
'SAFE'? 'SAFE'?! WHAT ARE Y'IMPLYIN', MR SHAKKA..?
ZI-SWHOP!
I'M GRAST HORSTROGG! I WAS THE CONQUEROR O' THE VROXIUS GULF! THE HERO O' THE DESTOKII SIEGE! THE TERROR O' THE CHOZWAY CLUSTER!
AND I GOT THE MEDALS TO PROVE IT, TOO!


NOT TO MENTION THE ONLY **TRANS-MAT UNIT** LEFT IN THE BODOKIAN QUADRANGLE.
SPOILS O' WAR, MR SHAKKA! Y'WASN'T A **MILITARY MAN** LIKE ME...
THEY SAY **DUTY'S** ITS OWN REWARD, BUT THAT'S A LOAD O' **BILGE**. IT'S THE SOLDIERS O' **FORTUNE** WHO GET TO KEEP THE **REAL** GOODIES...
BEFORE ME 'SUPERIORS' COULD **DECOMMISSION** ME, I TOOK OFF WITH EVERY PIECE O' **HARDWARE** THEY'D SO **GENEROUSLY** PROVIDED...
THE MAGPIE'S **MY** SHIP – AND ONLY **MY** GENE-PRINT CAN KEEP ITS SYSTEMS **RUNNIN'**.
I TRUST YOU'RE KEEPIN' THAT FACT IN **MIND**, EH, FIRST MATE?
OH, YOU CAN **ALWAYS** RELY ON **ME**, CAPTAIN.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE SUCH A GOOD **TEAM**, MR SHAKKA...
Y'KNOW **Y'PLACE.**
WHAT WE NEED TO FIND IS SOME DECENT **BOOZE**...
BIG CHANCE. AND EVEN IF WE DID, HORSTROGG'D JUST CLAIM IT FOR 'MEDICINAL PURPOSES' AGAIN...
LET'S TRY THIS ONE HERE...
LABEL SAYS 'MACHINE PARTS'.
HANG ABOUT, IT'S COMIN' OPEN...
SSSSSS
AAHHH!
GOOD MORNING. IS THIS PHODOSIA SPACE PORT **ALREADY**?
YOU DON'T **LOOK** LIKE CUSTOMS AND EXCISE MEN...

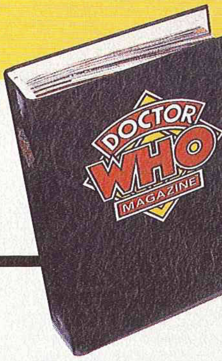

YOU KNOW, PEOPLE HAVE THIS TEDIOUS HABIT OF SEEING ME AND SCREAMING. IT'S USUALLY SOMETHING UNORIGINAL LIKE –
IT'S A CYBERMAN! KILL IT!
EXACTLY!
NOW, I'M NOT CLAIMING THE CYBERMEN DON'T DESERVE THEIR REPUTATION, BUT HOW ABOUT GIVING AN INDIVIDUAL SPECIMEN A CHANCE?
I'M THE EASY-GOING TYPE, HONESTLY!
ZSKOW!
ZZSKOW!
I'M MY OWN MAN. DON'T ASK ME WHY, BUT THAT WHOLE 'EMOTION IS IRRELEVANT' BUSINESS NEVER TOOK WITH ME...
AAUKK!
AAUUNGH!
I CAN CARRY A TUNE, PLAY A ROUND OF GOLF, EVEN SHARE AN OFF-COLOUR JOKE OR TWO...
OH, DON'T BELIEVE ME, THEN.
SHWAK!
THE FUNNY THING IS, I'VE NOTICED THE MORE 'PRIMITIVE' CULTURES SEEM A LITTLE LESS TRIGGER-HAPPY... A TAD MORE TRUSTING...
SO I DECIDED TO POST MYSELF TO A LESS 'ENLIGHTENED' SECTOR OF THE GALAXY.
THWOK!
BUT I SEEM TO ATTRACT TROUBLE... NOT JUST FOR ME, BUT FOR ANY FRIENDS I HAPPEN TO MAKE...
SO HERE I AM, BACK IN THE OLD ROUTINE AGAIN.
SWAK!
AARGH!


WHY AM I NOT CONVINCED YOU BOYS BELONG ON BOARD THIS FREIGHTER..? ANY THEORIES..?
DON'T ALL ANSWER ME AT ONCE.
JUST A QUICK LOOK AROUND, KROTON? CHECK OUT THE LAY OF THE LAND?
EXCELLENT IDEA...
MAGPIE TO FREIGHTER, COME IN...
YOU'RE INTERRUPTIN' ME BRUNCH, LODOS. THIS'D BETTER BE GOOD...
I'M PICKIN' UP A POWER FLUX COMIN' FROM THAT ASTEROID BELT, CAP'N. S'POSE IT COULD JUST BE SOME RANDOM IONIC WASTE...
THEN WHY'RE Y'BOTHERIN' ME WITH IT, Y'PIN-BRAIN?!
IF IT WAS OUR OLD FRIENDS THE BODOKIAN GUARD THEY'D HAVE LET US KNOW BY NOW! STOP WASTIN' ME–
CAP'N! THAT POWER FLUX JUST BOUNCED OFF THE SCALE! THERE'S SOMETHIN' INSIDE THAT BELT FOR SURE!
ZZZZZZZZHHHHH
IT COULD BE A–
SKROOMM!


ME – ME SHIP! ME BEAUTIFUL MAGPIE! IT'S BEEN SLAUGHTERED!
SHUT YOUR GOB AND GRAB SOMETHING SOLID...
"...THE SHOCKWAVE'LL HIT US IN SECONDS!"
I'M THINKIN' MY CAPTAIN WILL WANT A WORD WITH YOU TWO...
JUST AS LONG AS IT ISN'T "FIRE", EH? HAH-HAH...
HAH...
OOOFF!
K-THROOOM!
WHAAA?!
UNNGH!
SWAK!
NICE WORK! BUT WHAT BASHED THE SHIP?
I'M NOT SURE – IT DIDN'T FEEL LIKE A SOLID IMPACT...
COME ON, I THINK I SPY THE ENGINE ROOM UP AHEAD...
OH. THESE PILES OF DUST... ARE THEY WHAT I THINK THEY ARE..?
YES. OUR PIRATE HAS SOME MURDEROUS FRIENDS. THEY'VE ALSO CRIPPLED THIS SHIP'S INTERSTELLAR DRIVE SYSTEM.
MIND THOSE CABLES, IZZY, THEY'RE STILL LIVE WITH VOLTAGE.
UM... I DON'T WANT TO SOUND LIKE A WIMP, BUT MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST LEAVE? THIS SET-UP'S STARTING TO LOOK A LITTLE UNHEALTHY...
WHAT DO YOU SAY, DOCTOR?


IZZY...
...GET DOWN!
ZZZAKK!
AARRRRGH!!!
KRUMP!
WH-WHAT WAS THAT THING?!
TROUBLE... WITH A CAPITAL 'C'. BUT DON'T WORRY, IZZY...
IT'S DEAD NOW.
TO BE CONTINUED...

Subscribe!



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The DWM 284 Crossword

Set by Horus

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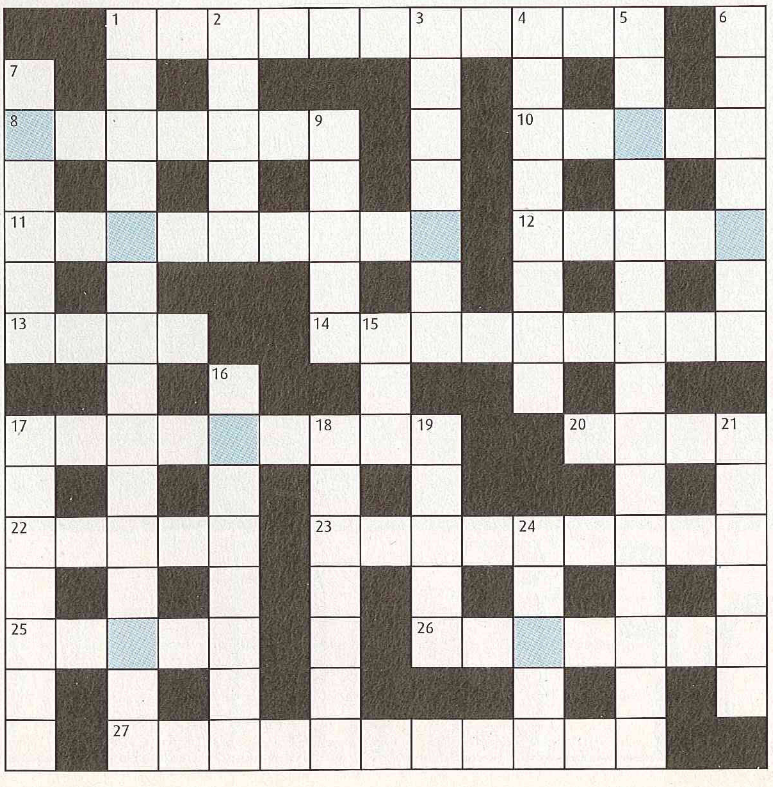
Five lucky readers can each win a pair of this month's BBC Books novels, *Frontier Worlds* and *Corpse Marker*, in our crossword competition. All you have to do is identify which *Doctor Who* baddie's name has been scrambled among the shaded squares, jot it down on a postcard and send it to DWM 284 CROSSWORD at the editorial address on page 5. Closing date: 15 December.

Across

1 Writer Antony, gone West, turns into writer [5,6]
8 More hygienic robot monster [7]
10 Duck! Garm going round and about planet [5]
11 All chic Eastern arts initially transformed Olde English menace [9]
12 Scout, perhaps, has run about Pirates' base [5]
13 World without alien scheme [4]
14 Heir to dynastic planet, North and South, shows warmongering types [9]
17 Episode by 1ac: Kate's held rewritten version [3,6]
18 Produced from laser, matter and sun? [4]
22 Ola in *Radio Times* initially backed Time Lord technician [5]
23 Rulers of blue planet consumed limbs, we hear [5-4]
25 Student on trip worked out '90 minus *y*' [5]
26 Ribos season reported in UK tabloid and US mag [3,4]
27 Monsters: still tripe when muddled with E [11]

Down

1 Adventure in which tripe leap round about Thanet [3,6,6]
2 Barren alien hides matters pertaining to kidneys [5]
3 Hen Anat produced makes part of Tribute? [7]
4 One *Tomb* or half of *Talons* for Drathro, according to people on Ravolox [8]
5 First of 17ac 21d 13ac is *The . . . Great Big Shin Men*, rewritten (by 1ac!) [9,6]
6 1ac planet constitutes most of Manussa round arid core [7]
7 Snowy peak – or Izlyr's helmet? [3,3]
9 Wanders Nero's city, we hear, with small appendage [5]
15 Sinister technician – one found in Corral [3]
16 Old sea-dog, we hear, is 18! [8]
17 Lane or backstreet in which aquatic mammal lives? [7]
18 Soul divas – or soul needing diversion? [7]
19 Morris, a Gastropod – part of stories about great heroes [5]
21 Evil-doer polluted stream [6]
24 Logopolitan nimbly conceals Vicki's first name? [5]

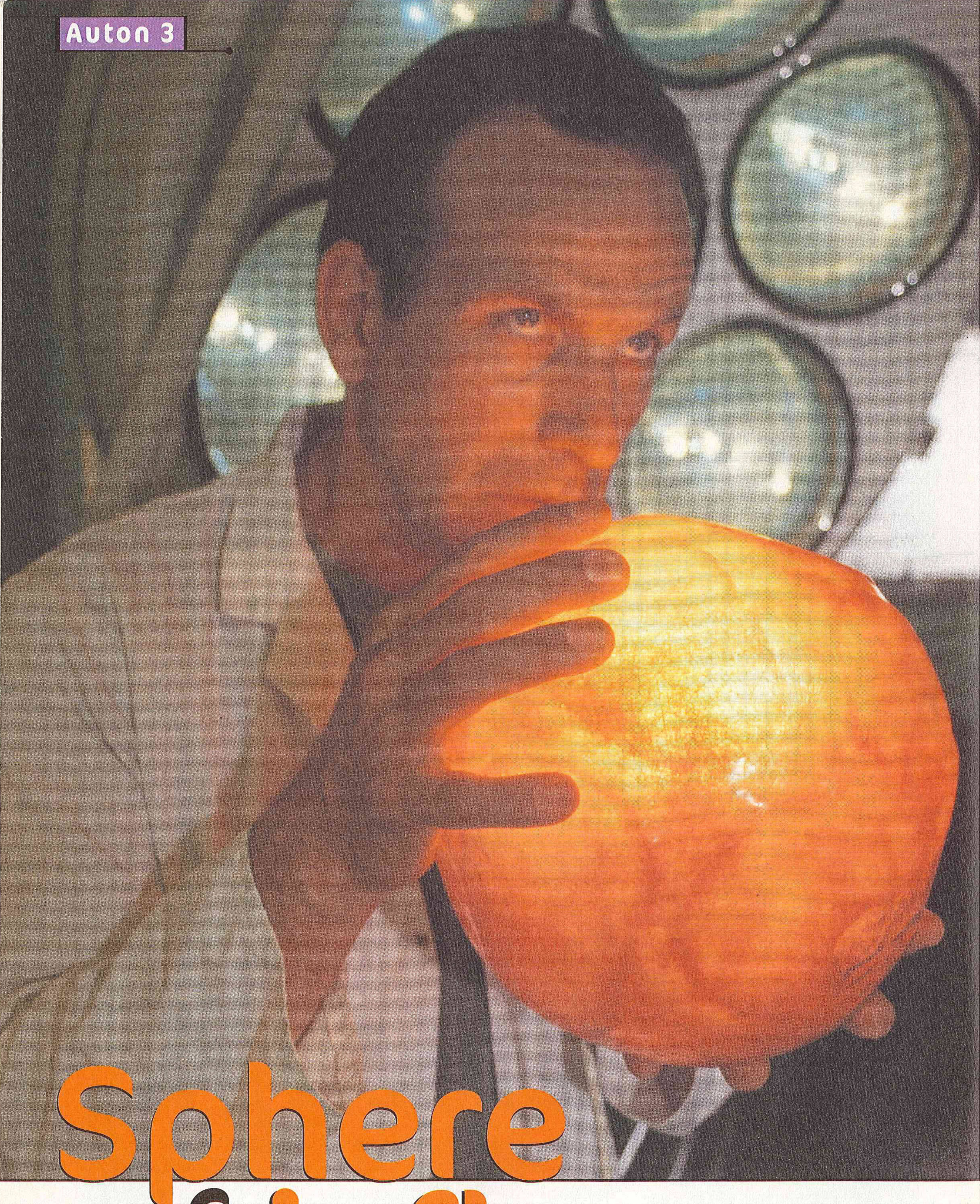


DWM 282 crossword solution

Across
6,9 *The Tenth Planet*
10 Spar
11 Weng-Chiang
13 Rutan
14 Terra
16 Foremen
18 Axonite
20 Ashby
21 Rowse
23 Robin Bland
24 Veet
25 Acomat
26 Iceworld

Down
1 Stor
2 Shang-Tu
3 Spectrox
4 David Agnew
5 Deons
7 Hyperion
8 No-win
13 Theta Sigma
15 Ethereal
17 Exhibits
19 Pyramid
21 Ridge
22 Royce
24 Vyon

Hidden name:
TLOTOXL



Sphere of influence

They're Nestenes, but not as we know them! Simon John Gerard witnesses the spectacular CGI effects in the new Auton 3 . . .

Long gone are the days when special effects technology meant you could only show three monsters in a scene, with the lead monster warning that he has 2,000 others waiting outside the door. The tribe of aliens never actually made an appearance back then; demands on resources, time, and money dictated that, typically, a trio of monsters would have to consitute an invasion force. Now, thanks to computer generated images, or CGI, that door can at last be opened . . .

Independent video producer Bill Baggs realised he was on to something when people started commenting on the special effects at the climax to last year's spin-off film *Auton 2: Sentinel*. Initially pleased that so many compliments came his way, he realised that they were all aimed at one part of the film. "I wasn't quite sure how to take it, because everyone was focussing on how much they liked the Nestene creature at the end," says Baggs. "Some were saying how nicely the film was shot, but the rest were just going on about the bloody octopus!" (Ironically, the team had originally worried that they wouldn't be able to pull it off, and that whatever had gone before it in the film would be judged by the quality of the CGI!) The creature was so well-realised that Baggs began to experiment with bolder effects ideas as he began pre-production on the latest in the series, *Auton 3*.

The person responsible for *Auton 2*'s Nestene creature, Ben Smith, was asked to provide CGI for the new film, and, after long discussions with Baggs, got to work . . .

A week into his labours on *Auton 3*, **DWM** asked Smith how he came to be involved. "I'm what they call a Computer Artist, and I now run a small company doing freelance effects work. I first heard about the stuff that Bill is doing when I was still at university a couple of years back. I'd not seen his work then, but it seemed a good opportunity to approach somebody who could use the kind of work that I was doing.

"If you're doing computer animation, you can sit there quite happily and just make something, but for visual effects you actually need filmed footage to work with. The position that I was in was that, short of going out myself and filming something, I had nothing to work with."

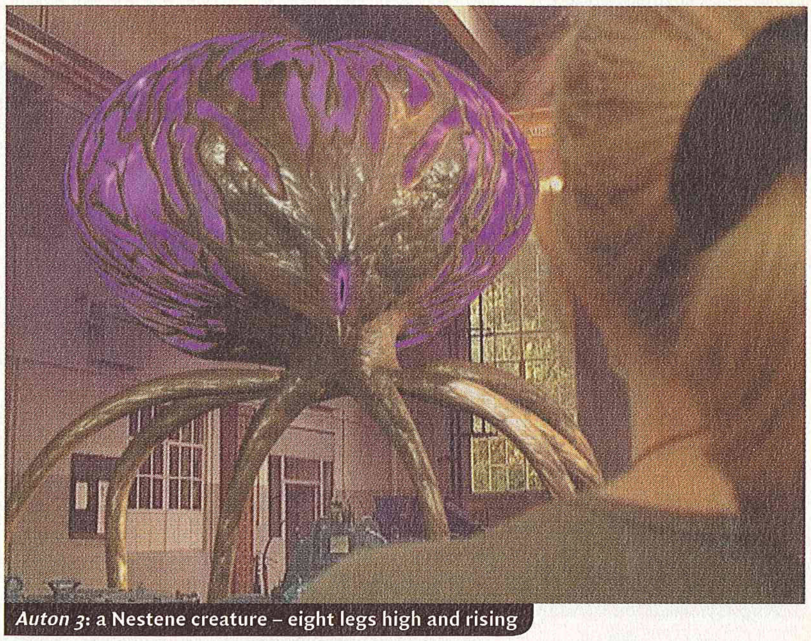
Smith sent BBV a showreel of his work, with the intention of showing Baggs what could be done: "Bill contacted me at the time to find out what was possible and what we could do, but that was as far as it went at that point. I then did some stuff with him on *Children in Need*, and we talked a bit more, until he finally called me as they were about to start shooting *Auton 2*," Smith recalls. "What they wanted was this 'octopus' thing, and I said it was probably alright to do, so they kept it in the script. The thing was, I'd been trying for ages to convince Bill of the quality of effects that were possible, without drowning out the story."

BBV had tended towards pyrotechnics for their effects up until this point, and tried to use character and story to cover up for the lack of big-budget effects. With Smith on hand to offer suggestions, they were finally able to depict the ideas that had only been hinted at. "*Auton 2* showed what we could achieve," says Smith "without losing out on other aspects of the film."

But how are the effects actually realised? Smith goes through the process step-by-step: "For example, if you look at the Nestene creature, Bill would shoot footage of the church from however many angles he needs. Because he edits the film on a 'non-linear' system – which just means it's computer based editing – I go to Bill's computer and copy the relevant frames or sections that I need to work on.

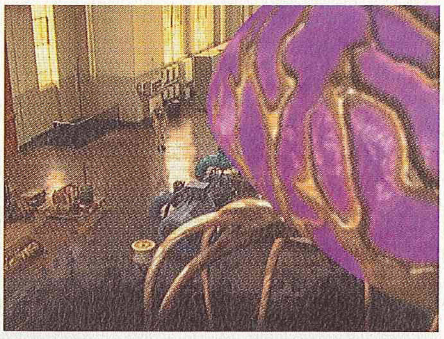
"I then built the Nestene creature in 3D using a piece of software called Lightwave 3D, which is the same as they used on *Babylon 5*. The creature is then 'built' inside the computer so you can then go on and animate it and get it to do whatever you want.

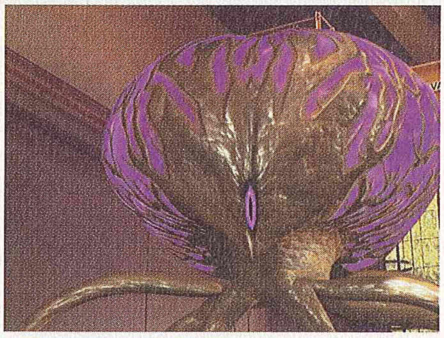
"For the shot where you see the creature on top of the church, you set your shot up again inside the computer to mimic the position of the 'real' camera shot, and build a very simple model of the church. This lets you line it all up so that it looks right, and you can then add the animated creature model with whatever effects you want. Once you've done that, you figure out where the creature would cast a shadow, match the lighting to that of the real-world shot and add any other elements that couldn't be done live." For *Auton 2*, this meant the Nestene breaking out of the roof of the church, which also demanded the addition of digitally created debris and damage to the building.



Auton 3: a Nestene creature – eight legs high and rising

'I wasn't sure how to take it. Everyone was going on about the bloody octopus!' Bill Baggs





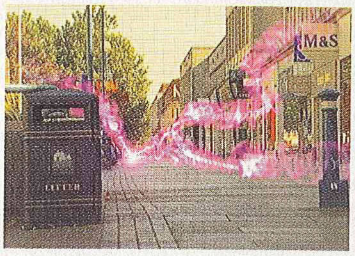
For the shots inside the church as the Nestene begins to break out, all the plaster and stonework that you see falling onto the congregation is CGI. Smith admits that you could go down the proven route of throwing pieces of polystyrene around, but it is often simpler to fake the whole lot.

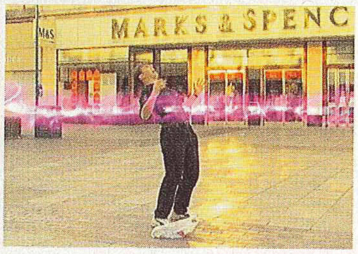
Filming in broad daylight also adds complications to Smith's work: "Most producers try to have their effects shots take place in night scenes or out in space. The advantage is that you can hide matte lines or edges in the dark! We had to create a living creature that was moving around outdoors on a sunny day, so you can't get away with smudging the edges so that no-one will see!" The original idea had been to give the Nestene a 'holographic' look, until Smith pointed out that the creature would have to be a massive threat to the characters and that a floating pink blob, no matter how good, wouldn't have the same presence.

"For *Auton 3*," he says, "Bill wanted to take what we'd learned in the previous film and add to it. To be honest, after having just the one big effect in *Auton 2*, they've gone absolutely nuts in this one!" Bill fully admits to rewriting sections of *Auton 3* to reflect the special effects he knew could be achieved: "Yeah! *Auton 2* proved that the CGI could work successfully so, yes, we did start adding new elements to it. We've tried to pace the effects throughout the film this time to give the audience more excitement, so what you get this time is something at the beginning, the middle and the end . . ."

Baggs felt that a lot of time was wasted during the first two

Southamptonites suffer an alien incursion in *Auton 3*





films with having to set up pyrotechnics. "The Auton guns in those films were done with pyros, but we've now gone entirely over to CGI which makes it easier, quicker, and a lot safer to shoot." Because of the shift to CGI, Baggs found they were finishing shooting way ahead of time. But the work was just starting again for Smith.

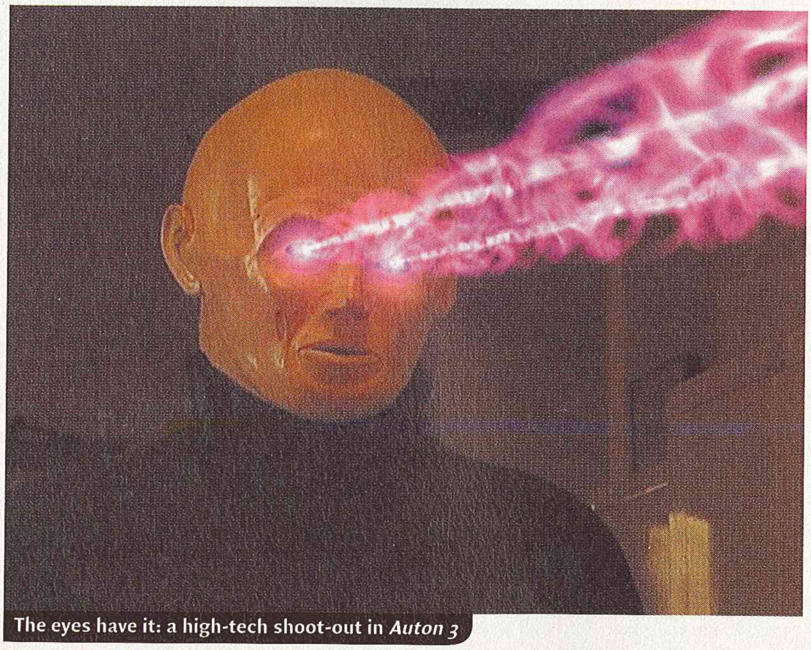
Did Smith worry that he had bitten off more than he could chew? "I did feel slightly that they'd written in a bit too much, and I simply wouldn't have time to get it all done to meet their deadline, so Bill rethought sections of it."

Given that he is not working solely with static backgrounds for this film, how does his approach differ? "There's quite a lot of movement required in some of the battle scenes – you couldn't have everyone standing still to fire their weapons because it would make for a dull scene! Instead, we've got elements where perhaps a gun barrel is moving around and firing at a moving target. What makes it even harder is that *Auton 3* has been shot on Digital Video, which makes it impossible to do 'blue-screen' [CSO] effects, so you have to simplify the effects and find ways around it . . .

"For a lot of the effects, I'd have to manually add them in frame-by-frame, especially if you have elements that overlap, like a laser blast moving behind someone in the scene." Smith has had to develop ways of 'cheating' some effects so that the initial problems could be overcome.

However, for the Auton hands and weapons, he has gone back to full CGI – with no cheating. "In a similar way to how I created the Nestene creature, I made a 3D model when it was decided that they weren't going to use the 'prop' hand. They filmed the actor's hand 'live', which I then made a very simplistic model of. You then 'map' the original footage of the actor's hand onto it, so it looks just like a real hand – which it is – but, because it's a model, I can move the arm around, shift the position of it to the background, and come up with something that's entirely new. Seeing the effect is very odd, because the 'real' hand can suddenly split and you can have the fingers drop away to reveal the weapon!"

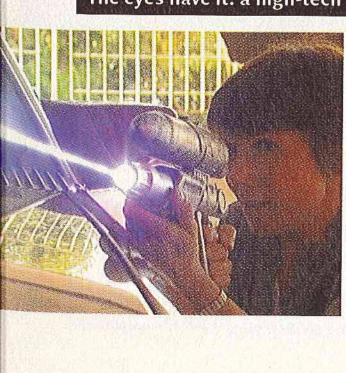
'After having just the one big effect in Auton 2, they've gone absolutely nuts in this one!' Ben Smith

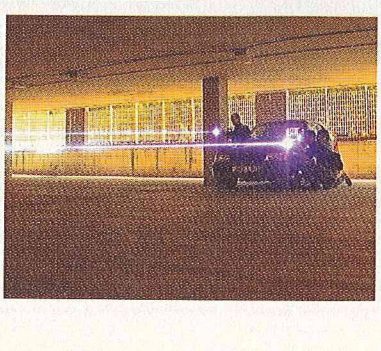


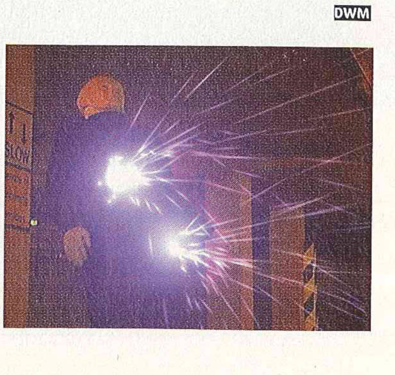
The eyes have it: a high-tech shoot-out in *Auton 3*

So far, only one shot has proved to be a headache – one which shows a giant-size Nestene creature with the ability to instantly create a whole army of Autons. It's a headache which Smith gave himself: "The idea is that the creature 'beams down' Autons in front of the heroes, who have just won a pitched battle with six of the plastic men. Having just found that they could defeat the Autons, we couldn't work out why the main characters would then run away from another lot! As Bill was editing the scene, he realised there was no good reason for them to do this, so he wrote in a direction that 'the Autons appear with a massive cannon'! I wasn't sure about this, so I thought about it and suggested that thousands of Autons are beamed down, and we've stuck with that. The only problem now is to work out how the Nestene creature gets all these Autons in the first place!"

With a timescale of about three weeks to get all the remaining effects in place, Smith tries not to think about how many shots he has to look forward to. "I know you always hear that from people that 'this film had 204 effects shots!', but it's difficult to pin it down. You can re-use some shots – like the Auton gun, for instance – which means you need only do it once, and you edit it in wherever needed." But if pushed for a figure? "There's got to be about 50 effects by the time it's finished, and only two weeks left to do them!" DWM



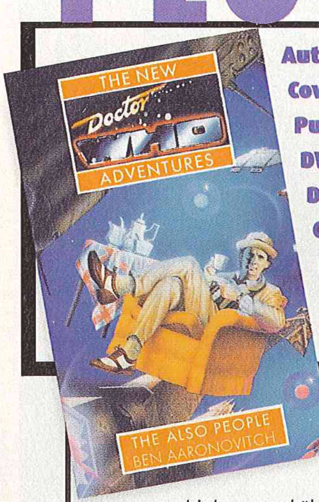




Everything you ever needed to know about . . .

THE ALSO PEOPLE

compiled by **Matt Wicks**



Author Ben Aaronovitch
Cover artwork Tony Masero
Publication November 1995
DWM review 232
Doctor The Seventh
Companions Bernice, Chris, Roz, Wolsey
Dates Three months in the Doctor's timeline after *Original Sin*; *Down* suggests that this occurs sometime before 2594
Location The Worldsphere

The plot in 25 words Social exclusion, tea in a vacuum, biplanes and *übersoldaten* play their parts as the Doctor solves a murder and Bernice tries to salve her conscience.

Old friends Kadiatu Lethbridge-Stewart (*Transit, Set Piece*); a dream Dalek, Cyberman and Sontaran; the sonic screwdriver.

New friends God (the Worldsphere's greatest intelligence); aM!xitsa (an old friend of the Doctor's, and Kadiatu's companion); saRa!qava (one of the People, who develops a crush on Bernice) and Dep (her daughter, who has a child with Chris); plus feLixi (breaker of Roz's stony heart).

Other voyages The Doctor broke the Galactic record for continuous spoon-playing, but was deflected from the Universal record by a Garthanian spoon-bending telekinetic.

He has visited the Worldsphere several times before. He once formed part of a negotiating team (probably to end the war) with aM!xitsa, God and three others.

He was once imprisoned with someone who taught him to speak isiXhosa, (probably Nelson Mandela). He has also met Nietzsche and Wulf the Unsteady (a barbarian with narcolepsy) and spent some time at a *shao lin* monastery during the Song dynasty (AD960-1279).

> 'I'm tempted to say that The Also People is flawless, and I'd recommend it to fans and more casual readers alike' *Shelf Life, DWM 232*

Between *Human Nature* and *Original Sin*, the Doctor discovered and rescued Kadiatu from a slave ship in 1754.

Along for the ride Bernice started keeping her diary when she was very young. Later in life, she wrote a paper on the semantics of conflict whilst travelling on a Draconian trade ship, visited Venice and saw a ruined Dyson sphere on the fringes of the Varteq Veil.

Roz (whose middle name is Inyathi) was a premature birth in the 'badlands' (*Original Sin*). She recalls being body-painted by her grandmother when she was 12, prior to dancing for her father's guests with her sister, Leabie. Eventually, she ran away from Io and has been patrolling the streets for 25 years. She discovered the body of a young girl drowned at the Borodino Oasis on Skag. The plantation boss was her main suspect, but the colonists all refused to testify against him. Other events include her being struck by a Kithrian 50-megawatt laser, and being given lots of lingerie by the owner of 'Drop Dead Gorgeous' on Overcity Five (he only stopped when she threatened to arrest him for bribery). She once arrested a painter who had planned his wife's death for six years using a binary carcinogenic. A month before his death, she made love to Martle.

Chris' grandfather had colour blindness. His family has a tendency towards late onset diabetes and paranoid schizophrenia.

Rough Guide The last buffalo died in captivity in 2193.

Suspensor pools were very fashionable on Earth in the mid-29th century. At around this time, the Adjudicator ritual of stripping off and bathing in a pool of clean water after a kill was modified to a simple sprinkling of holy water.

The Worldsphere encircles a G-class star, has a radius of 150 million km and a surface area 600 million times that of Earth. One of the towns is iSanti Jeni, which has a windmill complex close to it. There is a concealed city of three million people which you can walk through without realising you are there. God resides mainly on the small planet within the sphere called Whynot (a blue and white world with two continents, Lefteye and Righteye). A fair part of the surface area is covered by the Endless Sea. Six million hectares are given over to the Wilderness Recreation Area, which exists untouched by God. The entrance to the outside universe is the Spaceport (where a bar called 'Gossipmongers' can be found). The Ships are sentient and divided into various classes: Very Aggressive Ships, General Purpose Ships, Very Long Range Drones and a Travelling Space Habitat. The original People came from a number of races who achieved starflight simultaneously and amalgamated. They have a non-aggression pact with the Time Lords. They also have square nipples and can change their form and sex. 30 years ago, they fought a war against an insect race. Drinks on the Worldsphere include: Flashback, Nostalgia (both of which induce memories), Tranquillity, Purge, and Stomach Warmer. As well as the People and the Ships, the Worldsphere is home to sentient machines who have most of their brains anchored in hyperspace, non-sentient 'remote drones', 'constructs' (animals) and 'Houses'.

Martians use a data collection system called *Aiyix-sith*.

On Scorbiski Major, fish fish for people, using mooncalves as bait.

Other notes Johnny Chess (the fan fiction son of Ian and Barbara, mentioned in *Timewyrm: Revelation* and *Love and War*) has some of his lyrics quoted.

Kadiatu slept with a doll until she was 13, when she took it apart to see how it worked. The information she gained from the Ship (*Set Piece*) has made her the most powerful temporal engineer outside Gallifrey. Some of the lyrics indicate that she visits 1937 Earth after this story.

The Lament of the Non-Operational, an example of Dalek poetry, was translated by Fitzgerald and once used as the libretto for an opera.

Inside the TARDIS The TARDIS has an attic and a broom cupboard.

Quotable quotes [Bernice:] "Would they recognise *me* as human?"

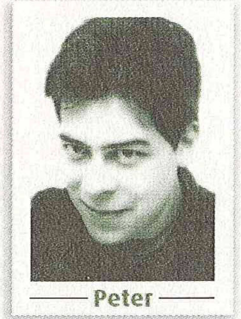
"That depends," said the Doctor, "on whether they talk to you before or after you've had your morning cup of coffee." DWM

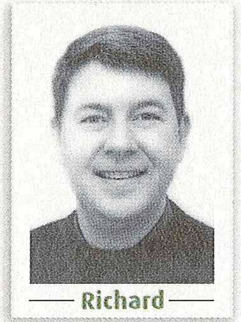
THE TIME TEAM

» Four viewers. 696 episodes. 297 hours. No escape. «

Clayton

Jac


Peter


Richard

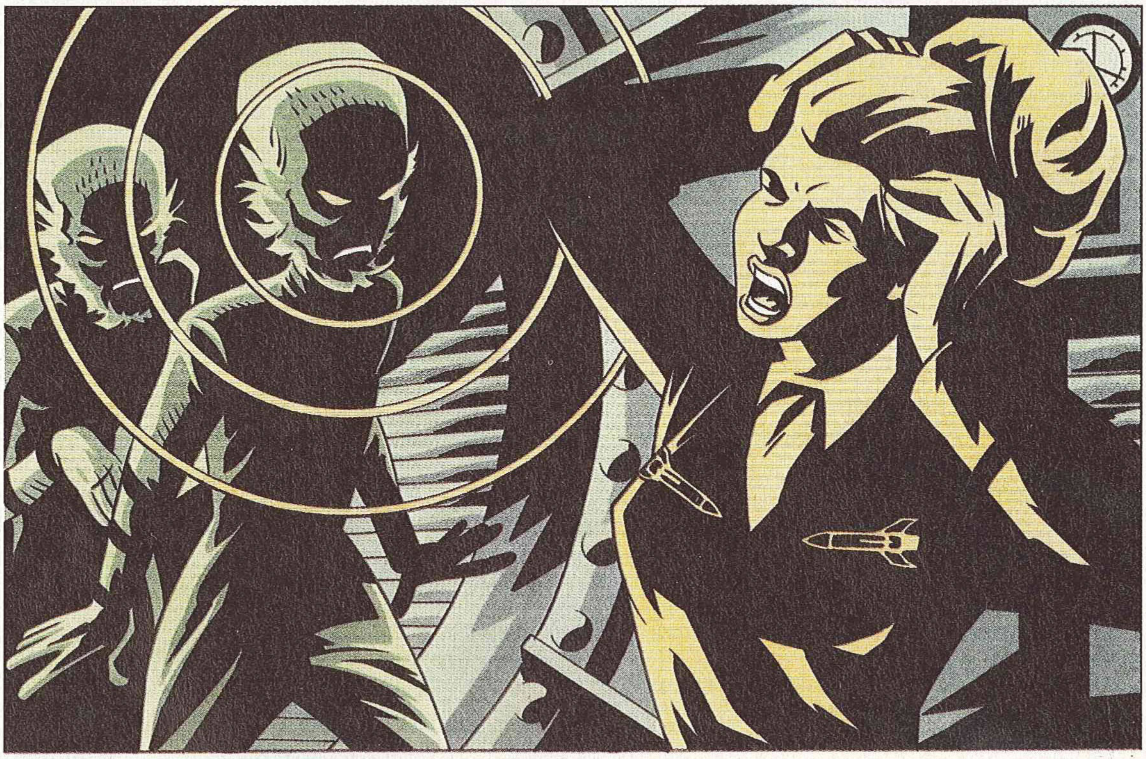


Illustration: Adrian Salmon

EPISODES 033 TO 040

By rights, the Team should have assembled at Clayton's for a further eight enthralling episodes of 625-line monochrome *Doctor Who*. Mr Hickman's temporary homelessness however, leads the Team to an impromptu regroup at Peter's – minus young Harry, this time, who (perhaps quite rightly) has been removed to the in-laws' while Daddy's Strange Friends come to play.

The mood, it must be said, is restrained. Could it be that our intrepid viewers are less-than-enthralled by the prospect of 100 minutes' hardcore *Sensorites*? We're only a few minutes into the third episode, *Hidden Danger*, and Clayton's already flagging. "This story is *sooo* motionless and unengaging. Just when you think things are going to start moving, one of the regulars starts arguing that they should just stay exactly where they are and not do anything after all."

Richard, however, is finding merit in the interaction of the regulars: "This has been one of Susan's strongest stories so far. At long last, Carole Ann gets a chance to inject some strength into the character as she stands up to a rather angry Doctor." Jac's in agreement. "Susan's character seems to have developed a bit. She takes the initiative here and goes off with the Sensorites – in the Dalek story she was much less willing to go off on her own."

Only three-quarters of the TARDIS crew depart the confines of the spaceship because Jacqueline Hill has a fortnight booked in sunny Doncaster, or something. The change of scenery makes little impression on Clay, who's every bit as underwhelmed by the culture of the Sense-Sphere. "Not only do the Sensorites wear school sports day sashes," he sneers, "but they seem to run the Sense-Sphere from a little pavement café!" Peter has reservations, too: "Not only do the Sensorites look like little old men, they act like them too. Apart from their use of telepathy, there's nothing in their manner or their culture that seems 'alien'." Richard looks set to chin the both of them: "The Sensorites actually come over extremely well," he harrumphs. "The masks and costumes are sufficiently different from each other to distinguish all the characters."

The First Elder and his beardy rivals are engaged in plot and counter-plot by now. "Blah, blah, blah. Endless squabbling rubber!" snorts Clay. "Watching this, you begin to appreciate just how important the Daleks were, being the only interesting aliens the series has so far managed to present. Pot-bellied, myopic and geriatric – these Sensorites are surely the most formidable beings the Doctor has yet encountered . . ."

Richard's glowering, but Jac's sitting on the fence. "It's nice that this is a non-human-looking alien race that's shown not to be all good or all bad. Admittedly it's done a bit clumsily in places, but it's a first for the show, isn't it?" she says peaceably.

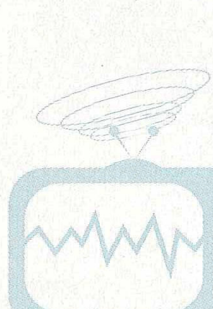
She's altogether less impressed, however, by the cliffhanger bridging this and *A Race Against Death*. "It's the water!" chant the Team in unison as the Doctor and friends ponder what could possibly be causing the 'disease' responsible for Ian's sudden collapse. The 'cure' tickles dentist Peter: "Not sure how up-to-date the Doctor's medical knowledge is – salt water seems a little archaic!"

The Sensorites' high-tech 'therapy' proves equally amusing to Clay: "Do they hope to embarrass John back to full health by sticking a milking machine on his head?" Jac is up for the remainder of the scene, however: "I love the idea that John's open mind means he can detect good and evil," she says. "Shame they don't make a bit more of it."

Soon, the nasty City Administrator is busy impersonating the Second Elder, which has Clay in fits: "Sorry, I'm not buying the fact that the Sensorites wouldn't be able to tell each other apart. I can just about accept that the regulars might have trouble, but *themselves*? Come off it." Peter has gone off at a tangent: "Have you noticed," he muses, "how all the major villains in the series have been rather hirsute? Kal, Tegana, Vasor, Tlotoxl – well, he had very long hair. And now the City Administrator. I bet that even Yartek had a bushy moustache under his mask."

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths on screen so far	00035
One or more regulars rendered unconscious	00017
One or more regulars incarcerated	00019



Part five, *Kidnap*, begins to spool, and most of the Team seem to be finding it tough going. "Bless Hartnell," Clay pipes up. "In a story sadly deprived of any tangible sense of drama, he seems to have decided that the solution is to ridiculously overemphasise everything." Peter detects some real character development where the Doctor asks, "Why cure something when we can stamp it out?" "That's a turning point," he says with certainty. "The Doctor doesn't *need* to definitively solve the Sensorites' problem – merely cure their 'disease'. Quite unselfishly, however, he chooses to do so, undeterred by the threat of monsters and dangers unknown." Clay agrees: "This must be the first time the old goat's done something for purely altruistic reasons, and not just as a means to get back to the Ship."

Hurrah! Miss Wright returns a few moments into the final part, *A Desperate Venture*. "Thank goodness for Barbara's sensible, calming influence," says Clay. "Mark my words, she'll soon bring this tedious story to its long overdue conclusion!"

The people spreading the 'disease' turn out to be three bedraggled Earth astronauts: "The Tribe of Gum seem to have returned – due to popular demand, no doubt," sniggers the ever-acerbic Mr Hickman.

The story takes little time to wind up. "Look, the very first spaceship model in *Doctor Who!*" says Peter excitedly as Maitland's rocket whizzes off into space. "We'll see worse," rejoins Clay. Jac's altogether more impressed by the "nice character bit where Susan talks about wanting to belong somewhere. I wonder if they were beginning to prepare for her departure?" And that's *The Sensorites* done and dusted. Richard thinks it's all been "a rather jolly little story".

The others don't.

To *la bonne France* next, and *The Reign of Terror*. Premiere instalment *A Land of Fear* is slipped into Peter's matt black Sony. First impressions, gang?

"Have you noticed that every time the TARDIS lands on Earth, it's never in England?" says Peter.

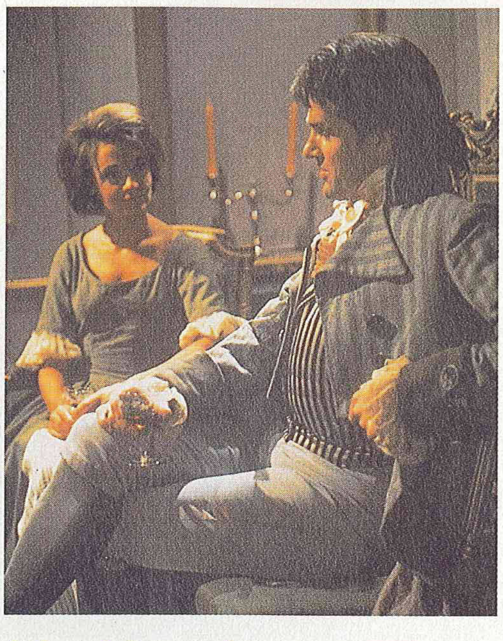
Jac's instantly struck by the schoolteachers' demeanour. "Look at Ian and Barbara standing so close together. They are definitely in love. I mean *definitely*. That is so 'in love' body language!"

"How far we've come since *An Unearthly Child*," says Clay. "Instead of engaging in a fierce argument with the Doctor, Ian cunningly tempts him with the idea of visiting a local pub, while a genial Barbara dusts him off. They began as enemies, now they're like very patient care workers . . ."

The Team are now rapt. "There's more tension in the travellers' five-minute exploration of an old house than *The Sensorites* could manage in two episodes of carefully contrived, dull mystery," comments Clay. Jac concurs: "The pace is much faster than the last adventure, which is nice. And the way that our sympathies are built up for these characters who are then killed is very well done too. It's pretty nasty, all in all." The 'Next Episode' caption rolls over a shot of the KO'd Doctor trapped in a blazing building. "That's the first time we've see the Doctor in danger at the end of an episode!" exclaims Peter – and he's right . . .

Instant controversy as the the second part, *Guests of Madame Guillotine*, opens. A caption – "PARIS" – flashes up alongside the episode title. "Now there's one for the pedants," comments Peter. "Shouldn't we really call this episode '*Paris Guests of Madame Guillotine*', as that's what appears on screen?"

Ensuing debate is silenced when a slovenly Jailer appears to make a move on Babs. "Good grief!" exclaims Richard. "Is this *another* reference to potential hanky-panky with Barbara? It was bad enough with Vasor's lusting after her in *The Keys of Marinus*. Now we have the Jailer telling her that things will be better for her if she provides him with some 'company'. Disgusting!" The girls' travails continue, as a pack of furry cellmates are revealed: "I really thought Susan was growing up, especially after *The Sensorites* when she doesn't seem to be screaming at every little thing, but then it all starts again with the rats, which is a shame," moans Jac.



'The idea of Leon gazing into Barbara's eyes and then going out to betray her is very creepy and very affecting' *Jac*

The Doctor comes to, having been rescued from a fiery end by *le petit garcon* Jean-Pierre. "Hartnell's absolutely adorable in this scene," points out Clay. "Really Grandfatherly and sweet. Oh, and actually grateful!" Richard points out the series' first-ever location footage, where the Doctor (or someone who looks quite like him, anyway) strides in the direction of Paris: "It's incredible that they've managed to get through almost a years' worth of episodes without using any location material before. It's all simple stuff but it's tied in very well with the studio scenes that follow."

The scene where the Doctor smacks the avaricious Road Works Overseer round the head with a spade bothers Jac: "Do unconscious people snore? I don't think so. That and the comedy music are obviously to underline that the Doctor wouldn't really hurt anyone, but the cartoon violence rather undermines the very real horror that's going on elsewhere in the story. The Doctor putting a penny on the guy's eye, though, is a lovely morbid touch!"

A Change of Identity next. "A night in the cells has increased the size of Susan's hair tenfold," remarks Clay. "It's rivalling Barbara's now, but far more messy." The Doctor, meanwhile, connives to acquire the guise of a Regional Officer of the Provinces. "At last, after 40 episodes the Doctor gets a change of clothes!" exclaims Peter. Clay is less impressed: "Somebody really should tell the Doctor that he's got candyfloss stuck to his hat . . ."

Such frippery is put aside as, throughout this and the next (audio-only) episode, *The Tyrant of France*, the gang begin to get a very real feel for the story. For Peter, it's clearly another exploration of racial hatred: "A common thread running through every story of the first season, and typified here by the attitudes of the Royalists and the Revolutionaries. It's good to see that from the show's earliest days, it endeavoured to show that 'dislike for the unlike' was wrong."

Jac, meanwhile, is captivated by the subplot about the burgeoning relationship between Barbara and the treacherous Leon Colbert. Amused at first – "Barbara's a love object again! What is it this woman has, and where can I get some?" – she's soon seriously involved: "The heroine falling for the villain may be one of the oldest tricks in the book, but it's fab – the idea of Leon gazing into Barbara's eyes and then going straight out and betraying her is very creepy, and affecting," she sighs. "I just wish the Doctor's odd comic moments didn't detract from the tension so much . . ."

Richard's entertained by the prospect of a surreptitious political subtext: "That's a lovely line of Jules' – 'It is not unusual to be kept waiting at the physician.' I wonder if Dennis Spooner was hinting that the Health Service had not improved much since the late 18th century!"

Clay's having a good time, too. "This is a completely different kettle of fish to the other historicals, which were relatively lavish, theatrical productions. This owes more to *Robinson Crusoe* and other summer holiday adventure serials – and that's no bad thing . . ." **DWM**

AND YOU SAID . . .

Hidden Danger

"Ian shows remarkable insight when he says, 'I don't like this splitting up. It always leads to trouble'!" *Toby Lindsay, Staffs*

Kidnap

"The Doctor says that 'something hit me under the heart'. Although we don't see any reason at the time to think he has more than one, it doesn't contradict the later two-hearts thing. I mean, you wouldn't say 'something hit me on one of my legs', would you?" *Robbie Brewster, Lancs*

A Desperate Venture

"Susan's map telepathy all seems a bit complicated and unnecessary. Wouldn't it have just been more sensible to give Barbara and John the map and let them get on with their own journey?" *Karen Tayler, Cambs*

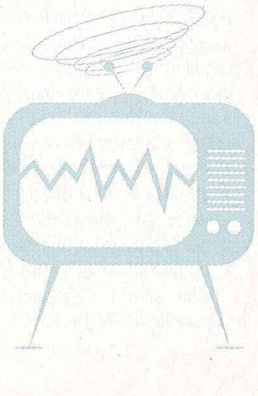
A Land of Fear

"Having bursts of *La Marseillaise* every five seconds is a bit of a mistake, adding an unwanted air of almost *Monty Python* ridiculousness to an essentially serious, even grim story" *Steve Merrison, Dorset*

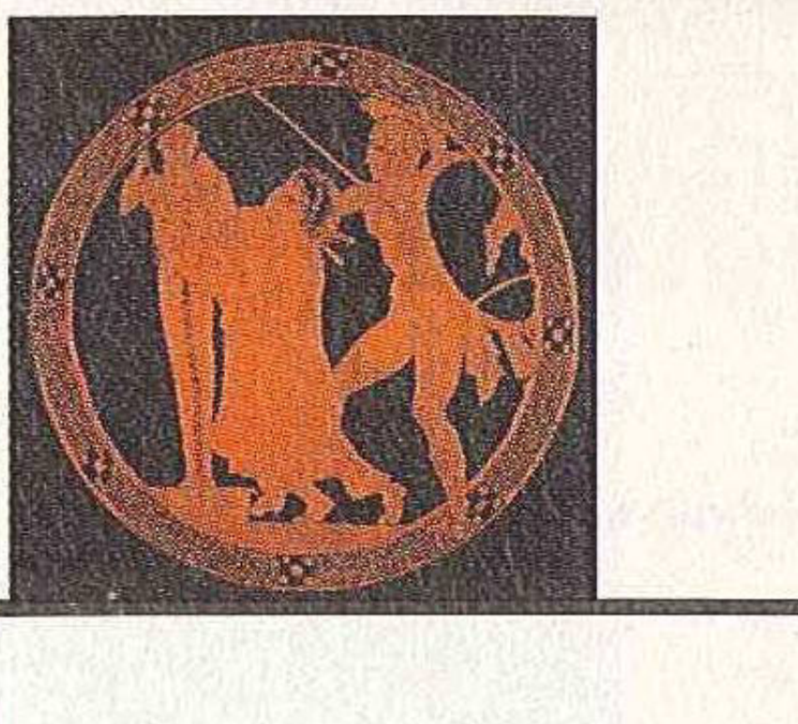
A Change of Identity

"It's really distracting that Jules Renan is dressed just like Kenneth Williams in *Carry On Don't Lose Your Head!*" *J Edwards, Glamorgan*

For Issue 286, we need your comments on *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* 4 to *The Romans* 3 by 30 November. Send them to 'The Time Team' at the editorial address on page six or in an email, marked 'Time Team' in the subject line, to *doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk*



The Myth Makers



Is there a Doctor in the Horse? The Trojan War is replayed as farce in this 1965 'high comedy' – but star William Hartnell found nothing funny about its making. As Andrew Pixley discovers . . .

TEMPLE OF SECRETS

Two warriors fight on a sandy plain: Greek hero Achilles attempts to avenge fellow soldier Patroclus' death, but Trojan prince Hector is gaining the upper hand. Unnoticed, the TARDIS materialises nearby; the Doctor instructs Vicki and Steven to remain inside while he ventures out. His appearance, accompanied by a clap of thunder, coincides with Hector's challenging the god Zeus to save Achilles. The distraction allows Achilles to kill his foe, and the Doctor is hailed as Zeus. Achilles asks 'Zeus' for help; for the past ten years, Agamemnon's Greek forces have laid siege to the city of Troy.

Odysseus arrives and is less convinced of the Doctor's divinity as he looks at the TARDIS – apparently the temple of Zeus. He decides to take the old man to Agamemnon's camp. Watching on via the scanner, Steven adopts a disguise to go after the Doctor. Vicki remains in the ship as Trojan soldiers approach it.

In his tent, Lord Agamemnon discusses the situation with his morose brother Menelaus; ten years previously, Agamemnon had used Trojan prince Paris' elopement with Helen, Menelaus' wife, as an excuse to defeat King Priam of Troy and gain control of the trade routes through the Bosphorous. When the Doctor is brought in, he plays along with the soldiers' assumption that he has supernatural powers. At night, Steven attempts to enter the camp only to be captured by Odysseus and branded a Trojan spy. The Doctor suggests that Steven should be sacrificed to the gods the next morning at his 'temple'. Unfortunately, Cyclops, the mute servant of Odysseus, arrives to indicate that the temple of Zeus has disappeared – "Vanished into thin air." Only a Trojan plaque is left where it stood . . .

King Priam (Max Adrian) greets 'small prophet' Vicki (Maureen O'Brien)

SMALL PROPHET, QUICK RETURN

Tracks in the sand reveal that the 'temple' has been taken to Troy. The Doctor is forced to explain to Odysseus the truth about himself and Steven. Odysseus keeps the pair in his custody, demanding that they furnish him with the means to capture Troy inside two days by using their supernatural knowledge. Steven suggests building a wooden horse; the Doctor dismisses this as an absurd notion created by Homer.

The TARDIS is brought into Troy by the foppish Paris. He suggests putting it in their temple – which annoys his sister, the high priestess Cassandra, who has had a dream that a gift left by the Greeks will spell disaster for Troy. When Cassandra calls for the 'prize' to be burned, Vicki – observed by both the Trojans and the Greek spy Cyclops – emerges from inside it, wearing an appropriate costume. The girl attempts to explain that she is from the future; she is looked after by kindly King Priam, who believes her to be a prophetess. Priam renames Vicki 'Cressida', earning the girl the rivalry of Cassandra. Priam, exasperated, sends the cowardly Paris to challenge Achilles and avenge the death of Paris' brother, Hector. When Paris approaches the Greek camp, Steven decides to allow himself to be captured, thereby locating both Vicki and the TARDIS; adopting the guise of the recently deceased Diomede, he challenges Paris and is duly taken prisoner.

In Troy, the young Prince Troilus has caught Vicki's eye. When 'Diomede' is brought in by Paris, it is clear that Steven and Vicki know each other. Cassandra seizes her chance: "What more proof do you need that she's a spy? Guard, kill her! Kill both of them!"

DEATH OF A SPY

As the guards advance, Paris reasserts his authority – much to the delight of Priam, who tells Vicki that she can prove her loyalty by using her supernatural powers in their favour within one day, otherwise she will be burned. Vicki and Steven are secured in the dungeons, where they argue about the situation. Cyclops appears at the window of Steven's cell, and Steven tells him to get Odysseus to hold off the attack or they will both be killed. Vicki is brought food by Troilus, who is fond of her.

With one day left for the Doctor to come up with an idea, the old man suggests to Odysseus the notion of firing men over the walls of Troy in flying machines propelled by catapults. Odysseus agrees, but only on the condition that the Doctor goes first. The Doctor quickly concludes that the notion will not work – and, in desperation, suggests building a huge, hollow horse, filling it with soldiers and leaving it for the Trojans to capture. Agamemnon agrees to the plan: the rest of the Greek fleet will appear to sail away, Achilles' Myrmidons will hide on the plain, and Odysseus' Ithacons will be inside the horse . . . with the Doctor.

'I do nothing of the sort!'

On the plains near Troy, Achilles hails the Doctor's fortuitous appearance in his fight with Hector as divine intervention and proclaims the Doctor to be Father Zeus.

ACHILLES If you had appeared to me in your true form, I would have been truly blinded by your radiance. It is well known that when you come amongst us you adopt many different forms.
DOCTOR Oh? Do I?
ACHILLES To Europa you appeared as a bull; to Leda, as a swan; to me . . . in the guise of an old beggar . . .
DOCTOR I beg your pardon! I do nothing of the sort!
ACHILLES Oh, but still your glory shines through . . .
DOCTOR Oh indeed! Oh indeed! So I should hope!

From **The Myth Makers: Temple of Secrets** by Donald Cotton

Furtive intent: Cyclops (Tutte Lemkov) and Odysseus (Ivor Salter)

'Diomede' – aka Steven Taylor (Peter Purves) – makes his point

Cyclops runs into Paris' patrol outside the city, and is speared by a Trojan soldier. The great horse is made ready and duly discovered by Paris' troops. The news that the Greeks have left spreads through Troy, and Troilus wastes no time in releasing Vicki. Paris enters the palace with news of the so-called 'Great Horse of Asia'. Cassandra claims that the horse is an omen of disaster, wailing that it spells woe for the House of Priam and for the Trojans. "I'm afraid you're too late to say woe to the horse," jokes Paris. "I've just given instructions to have it brought into the city . . ."

HORSE OF DESTRUCTION

Distrustful of 'Cressida', Cassandra orders her handmaiden, Katarina, to watch over her rival. Vicki releases Steven and, now that night has fallen, they go to look at the horse; Vicki notices Katarina following her. Steven tells Vicki that if she cares for Troilus, she must get him out of the city before the Greeks attack. Returning to the palace, Vicki locates Troilus and tells him that 'Diomede' has escaped onto the plain – and he must recapture him.

Odysseus keeps the complaining Doctor quiet until his men are ready to emerge from the horse. On the plain outside Troy, Troilus encounters Achilles. A fight ensues; Troilus triumphs, but is badly wounded. By now, the Greeks have opened the gate of the city. Soon, Troy is a blazing battleground. Odysseus and his men burst into the palace to deal with Priam, Paris and Cassandra . . .

The Doctor finds Vicki, who says that Steven is in hiding nearby; however, she needs to discuss things with the Doctor and sends Katarina to find 'Diomede'. A Trojan soldier has injured Steven's shoulder, and Katarina helps him back to the TARDIS. Having told the Doctor that she has decided to remain with Troilus, Vicki leaves the ship and heads out onto the plains. Odysseus makes a final attempt to claim the TARDIS, but the Doctor departs with Katarina and Steven. Hoping to help build a new Troy, Troilus and Vicki meet up with the forces of Troilus' cousin, Aeneas.

In the TARDIS, the wounded Steven lies prone. Katarina tells the Doctor that Cassandra has foretold her death. The Doctor sets the controls in the hope that they can find drugs to cure Steven: "I must! I must!"

Photos: BBC [14] Jeremy Bentham [1]

In Production

On location at Frensham Ponds: Alan Haywood (Hector) strikes a pose

When Donald Tosh arrived as story editor of *Doctor Who* in April 1965, he was keen to take the show in new directions – experimenting with extreme forms of humour and horror, particularly in a historical context. The first three serials Tosh would work on had already been defined by his precursor, Dennis Spooner, but Tosh soon set about finding new writers for future serials. He recalled the actor and writer Donald Cotton, whom he had known from Cotton's days as a student at the Guildhall School of Music; in the late 1950s, when Tosh had been an actor, Cotton had suggested him for the lead in an Irving Berlin play. A clever, witty man, Cotton had since produced a number of popular radio plays for the BBC's Third Programme. Tosh sent a telegram to Cotton inviting him to submit a story idea for *Doctor Who* – which Cotton found waiting for him on his return home from a pub where he had just been bemoaning the fact that acquaintances of his never returned favours.

Cotton was initially uncertain about tackling *Doctor Who*, thinking it lay outside his normal field. However, he agreed on the proviso that he could both choose the subject matter and bring with him some of the crew from his Third Programme plays. Cotton had submitted plays to BBC Radio as early as October 1956, but had not had a script broadcast until *Echo and Narcissus* in 1959; the play was a satire on genetics as applied to marriage guidance, linked with the Greek myth of the handsome Narcissus who ignored the love of the nymph Echo until she faded away. This was followed in 1960 by *The Salvation of Faust*, *Ghost Story* and a stereo experiment called *Panacousticon*, then in 1962 by *The Golden Fleece* (a "partly political musical" in which King Pelias of Iolcus assumes that the Argonauts are not returning and opens a seedy casino in their memory), *Artistes in Orbit* (another stereo project) and finally *The Tragedy of Phaethon* (in which the young deity Phaethon's rebellion threatens to undermine the authority of the Greek gods) in February 1965. Continuing the Greek myth theme, Cotton settled on the Trojan War legend of the wooden horse as the subject matter for his *Doctor Who* script. This was acceptable to both Tosh and incoming producer John Wiles, who were eager to have Cotton involve his radio colleagues.

Cotton brought actor Max Adrian and composer Humphrey Searle on board. Adrian, an Irish actor born Max Bor, was then in his sixties and had appeared in many films since 1934, including *Kipps*; he had also worked on some notable television dramas including *Oliver Twist* and *Victoria Regina*, and would later feature regularly in *Up Pompeii!*. For Cotton, he had played the Chorus in *Echo and Narcissus*, Old Lucifer in *The Salvation of Faust*, Polydeuces in *The Golden Fleece* and the Narrator in *The Tragedy of Phaethon*. Searle was a frequent Third Programme contributor, and had arranged music for various films and theatre productions (including the Royal Shakespeare Company's *Troilus and Cressida* in 1960); he had composed the Ionesco radio opera *The Photo of the Colonel* in 1964.

Tosh was nonetheless wary of using Cotton, knowing that television drama was new territory to the writer; a storyline was requested in late April, before the scripts were commissioned. Cotton researched historical facts in works such as *Cambridge Ancient History*, *History of Greece* by MGL Hammond, *The Origins of Greek Civilisation* by Chester G Starr and *A Companion to Greek Studies* by L Whibley, finding them to contain a great many contradictions. From Heinrich Schleimann's 19th century excavations of Troy, Cotton discovered that Troy had "a splendid, if barbarous fortress". He also noted that since the war had occured 150 years before the Greek poet Homer had published his *Iliad* – another prime source – many of the names found therein were corrupted variations of the true Greek. Names such as Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Menelaeos [sic] and Priam were felt to be close to the originals, whereas Helen and Paris were fictional (Helen represented all the women of the Hellenes, while Paris came from an earlier Greek myth).

> **'I would have liked to have made it more serious, but at the time I was testing the water to see what we could do'**
>
> **John Wiles**

Cotton concluded his research notes by commenting that "the wooden horse is almost certainly completely myth"; large siege engines had first been used in that part of the world by the Assyrians at around the time that Homer was writing. However, he felt it was "legitimate that Doctor Who himself could suggest the idea of the wooden horse (i.e. a forerunner of the siege entrance) to the Greek armies, so long as he lets them know that in years to come somebody will write about just such an incident". He pointed the production team towards Dr ML Lorrimer's *Homer and the Monuments* for information on period armour, weapons and clothing.

The writer produced a "synopsis of four episodes set in Ancient Greece, provisionally entitled THE MYTHMAKERS". This scene breakdown featured the Doctor plus companions Vicki (sometimes spelled Vicky, Viki or Viky) and Mike (the

WRITER Donald Cotton

Donald Cotton studied Zoology at Nottingham University, then moved to studying English and Philosophy, developing an interest in acting and writing at the Nottingham Playhouse; he never took his finals. He later wrote and appeared in musical revues and studied at the Guildhall School of Music. During the 1950s, he wrote revues such as *Light Fantastic* and *Mad about Osman* and contributed *The Merry Christmas* – a musical version of *A Christmas Carol* – to ITV in 1955. Cotton wrote for the radio revue *Better Late!*, plus comic plays for the BBC Third Programme; his work in stage musicals such as *The Demon Barber* and *Mam'zelle Nitouche* continued in the meantime.

original name for Steven Taylor). The synopsis for the first episode, *Deus ex Machina*, was very close to the first broadcast episode, apart from the final sequences: Odysseus sends an un-named spy into Troy; Vicki is in the TARDIS when she feels it lurch; and Odysseus forces Mike to lead him back to the TARDIS which has vanished from the beach. Mike thinks the ship has dematerialised with Vicki inside.

In the second episode, Odysseus keeps Mike as his personal prisoner out of curiosity. Odysseus' spy sees Vicki in Troy and reports back to his master, who hatches a plan to get Mike, disguised as a pedlar, into the city with the spy's help; Mike is arrested by guards left outside the TARDIS. During the third episode, the Doctor is desperate to avoid suggesting the idea of the wooden horse, knowing that siege engines will not be used for another 150 years. When the spy reports Mike's capture, the Doctor suggests the horse in desperation. Disguised as a guard, the spy returns to Troy, informing the imprisoned Vicki and Mike that Odysseus and the Doctor will rescue them in 24 hours; the spy is killed escaping Troy. It is a messenger who enters Priam's palace with news of the Greeks' departure (Paris does not feature in the scene breakdown) and Priam says that Mike and Vicki can be freed. The episode ended with a "shot of huge leg of Horse being pulled by ropes (faint sounds of Doctor's 'Hmms' etc and clinking of armour from inside) up the beach".

With Odysseus (Ivor Salter) and Agamemnon (Francis de Wolff) in Agamemnon's tent

The final episode breakdown was quite different from the transmitted version. Opening with a model shot of the horse and the TARDIS in Troy, this would have continued with Priam showing Vicki and Mike the horse, and the two friends realising that they need to contact the people inside. They attempt to call and tap gently on the exterior; inside the horse, the Doctor can respond using morse code – a child's game in Vicki's time. They arrange where to meet when the fighting starts. Priam becomes suspicious of Mike and Vicki, and sends an officer to fetch them. He addresses Cassandra and Helen, saying that Helen can now be handed back. After "stock film of Greek boats coming back", Vicki and Mike watch the Greeks emerge from the horse; the Doctor leaves last and makes for the TARDIS. Crossing the square, Vicki is attacked by a Greek and rescued by Mike. Vicki realises that she has left a keepsake from Helen inside the palace, but has to hide when Priam and Achilles burst in, fighting. Achilles is about to perish at Priam's hands when Odysseus enters, killing Priam. Odysseus takes Vicki captive, which Mike and the Doctor see on the scanner. They get Vicki back as Agamemnon arrives to congratulate them, and Menelaeos is reunited with an unwilling Helen. After saying their goodbyes, the Doctor, Mike and Vicki enter the TARDIS and depart.

The first episodes commissioned by Tosh were the opening two parts of *Doctor Who and the Mythmakers*, which were ordered from Cotton on Thursday 13 May with a target delivery date of Friday 4 June. Tosh was now joined by Wiles, who was taking over from Verity Lambert after the summer break. The two men immediately formed a good working relationship; both wanted the series to move away from what they considered 'childish' science fantasy. Wiles wanted to find new angles, and stretch the format; he liked the historicals despite their apparent lack of popularity with viewers, and admired the adult science fiction of authors Ray Bradbury and Isaac Asimov. Tosh was keen for Cotton's story to be both intellectual and funny, seeing it as "high comedy" (a phrase later used in publicity material).

On Friday 21 May, Peter Purves had been contracted to play 'Michael' in the 13 episodes through to Serial U, the first serial following the summer break. Maureen O'Brien, who played Vicki, was booked up to Serial U the same day; the show's star, William Hartnell, was contracted to appear in the 30 episodes spanning Serials S to Y on Monday 24. Newly-trained BBC director Derek Martinus was discussed as a possible director of Serial U on Thursday 3 June.

Cotton delivered his first two scripts on Friday 4. He had attempted to give all his scripts punning titles; the second was *Small Prophet, Quick Return*. On Friday 11 June, Tosh commissioned the last two episodes, now *The Myth-Makers*. The third episode was delivered by Friday 25 June, with the final instalment received by Wednesday 28 July. A list of serials compiled in mid-July notes Serial U as *Dr Who & the Trojans*.

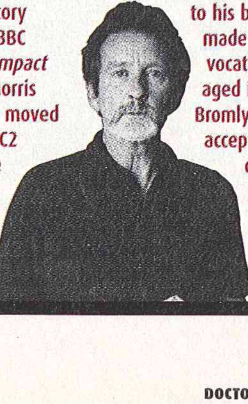
The scripts were overlong, and needed editing. Cotton's punning episode titles had to be changed, since the BBC did not like them (although *Small Prophet, Quick Return* survived after Tosh fought for it); the last episode appears to have been called *A Doctor in the Horse* (or *Is There A Doctor In The Horse?*), allegedly vetoed by Wiles in favour of *The Horse of Destruction*. Cotton recalled a script conference where the title of the third episode, *Death of a Spy*, was forced on him; protesting that the script was already fully written with no spy in it, Cotton claimed that this caused him to introduce the deaf mute Cyclops, played by his old friend Tutte Lemkow (although the surviving storyline would appear to contradict Cotton's memory).

The scripts were headed simply "DOCTOR WHO – SERIAL U". The first episode was now known as *Temple of Secrets*. The script contains a number of points of interest. In the opening TARDIS scene, Steven asks what early Greeks are doing in the Kalahari desert. Originally, when Odysseus takes 'Zeus' to the Greek camp, the Doctor (referred to as 'Doctor Who') is seized by two soldiers, hoisted upon their shoulders and is carried away, protesting. Menelaus is seen sitting at "a rough table, laden with food and drink. It is obvious that Menelaus prefers the latter. He is drinking noisily from a vast goblet . . ." Cyclops, named after the mythical one-eyed giants which Odysseus would meet on his voyage home much later, was described as a "one-eyed, dumb spy – nicknamed Cyclops – who reports to [Odysseus] in sign language". The plaque left by a Trojan soldier by the TARDIS is described as "a design of a crudely painted horse – of some religious/voodoo significance".

When Priam's face looms up on the screen in the script for *Small Prophet, Quick Return*, it is described as "rather like 'Big Brother is Watching You'". As Vicki searches through a TARDIS cupboard, she finds "things for the wrong

PRODUCER John Wiles

South African-born John Wiles trained as a theatrical stage manager before writing for theatre and radio. Travelling to England in 1949, Wiles continued to write plays and had *The Dancing Bear* – which he wrote with Richard Wade – accepted by the BBC in 1954. Donald Wilson took Wiles on as a member of the script unit, adapting the work of others and developing his own plays in the 1950s. By 1958, Wiles was again writing theatre and school plays (including one on the Trojan Wars, called *The Wooden Horse*) and directing for the stage. A story editor on the BBC soap opera *Compact* for producer Morris Barry, he soon moved to the new BBC2 channel where he edited thriller serials for producer Alan Bromly. Wiles asked Wilson if he could take the BBC's directors' course, since he liked working with actors; to his bemusement, Wilson made him a producer – a vocation he was encouraged in by Barry and Bromly. Reluctantly he accepted the producership of *Doctor Who*, trailing the outgoing Verity Lambert in her final few months.



THE TROJAN WAR Myth

Greece and Troy were traditional rivals, according to mythologies such as the Greek Homer's epic poem *The Iliad*, dated to the eighth century BC. The Trojan war was caused by Paris, one of the 50 sons of King Priam of Troy. Paris had to choose the most beautiful goddess from Hera, Athene and Aphrodite; Aphrodite won by promising Paris the love of the most beautiful woman in the world – Helen, daughter of the god Zeus and Leda, who lived in Greece at Sparta. Paris was sent to Sparta by Priam to either rescue Priam's sister Hesione or kidnap a Greek princess. There, Paris found Helen in a loveless marriage to King Menelaus; Helen fell in love with Paris and eloped with him to Troy. Insulted, Menelaus asked both his brother Agamemnon, King of Mycenae, and Helen's former suitors to help get her back. One of these suitors, Odysseus, did not want to go to war; another was the hero Diomede. In Agamemnon's absence, his wife, Clytemnestra, took a new lover (as 'foretold' by the Doctor in *Temple of Secrets*).

A fleet of 1,000 ships sailed for Troy, which was soon besieged. The war lasted ten years, with neither side able to triumph. One Trojan hero, Aeneas, was saved by Apollo after fighting Diomede. The Greek hero Achilles was virtually invulnerable; when Achilles argued with Agamemnon and left the battle, the Greeks lost heart. Hector, another of Priam's sons, attacked the Greeks – slaughtering Patroclus, who was disguised as Achilles. Guilt-stricken, Achilles swore vengeance, killing Hector thanks to the intervention of the goddess Athene (something akin to the TARDIS' appearance interrupting the Achilles/Hector battle in *Temple of Secrets*). Paris avenged Hector by shooting Achilles in his weak heel, killing him; Paris was in turn killed by the archer Philocetes (events not related in the scripts). Odysseus gave Achilles' armour to Achilles' son Neoptolemus (like Steven being given Diomede's armour in *Small Prophet, Quick Return*). At one point Odysseus entered Troy disguised as a beggar (as with Cyclops in the scripts).

Athene inspired Prylis, son of Hermes, to suggest the huge wooden horse, to be left outside the city gates while the Greeks pretended to sail away . . . but only to the isle of Tenedos. Athene helped Epeius to build the horse, but Odysseus claimed the credit. Priam and the Trojans saw the horse at dawn, and although Cassandra (one of Priam's daughters, a prophetess who was never to be believed after spurning the god Apollo) advocated caution, the Trojans were urged on by Sinon, a Greek who had feigned desertion, to take the horse into their city temple and celebrate that night. The Greeks emerged and opened the gates for their army; those in the horse included Menelaus, Odysseus, Diomede and a very reluctant Epeius (mirroring the Doctor in *Death of a Spy*). The Greeks ransacked Troy, and Helen was taken back to Menelaus. Aeneas, one of the few Trojan nobles to escape, founded a new settlement in Italy. The Greeks incurred the enmity of the gods, and Odysseus was doomed to wander for ten years on his way home (as predicted by Cassandra in *Horse of Destruction*). Cassandra was taken as a concubine by Agamemnon. Priam was killed in the courtyard of Troy. In one legend, Troilus was ambushed by Achilles and slain; Diomede apparently sailed on to Italy.

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period: a crinoline, a space-suit, a 20's flapper dress, etc". Dialogue in *Death of a Spy* indicates Vicki's age for the first time; Troilus says that he is 17 next birthday, to which Vicki comments that this is barely any older than her.

There are numerous references to other Greek myths. The Doctor is mistaken for Zeus, the father and ruler of the gods. Achilles says that Zeus/the Doctor appeared to Europa as a bull (a reference to the daughter of King Agenor) and Leda as a swan (a reference to the wife of King Tyndareus of Sparta). 'Zeus' is also asked for tales of Aphrodite, the goddess of erotic love. In *Death of a Spy*, Odysseus speaks of a 'Bacchante' – a priestess of Bacchus, the Greek god of wine. As regards the series' ongoing continuity, in *Temple of Secrets* Vicki retains the sprained ankle she acquires in *Galaxy 4: The Exploding Planet*, and the Doctor comments on Steven's sarcasm, which Spooner had envisaged as the young astronaut's major character trait.

One big change made since the submission of the storyline was the departure of Vicki and the introduction of the Trojan handmaiden Katarina, who was to be snatched from the jaws of death in the final episode. The decision was made over the summer as a means of losing O'Brien, whom Wiles had seen arguing about her lines during rehearsals for *Galaxy 4*. A 'Vicki' character had been written into Terry Nation's scripts for the subsequent 12-part Dalek serial.

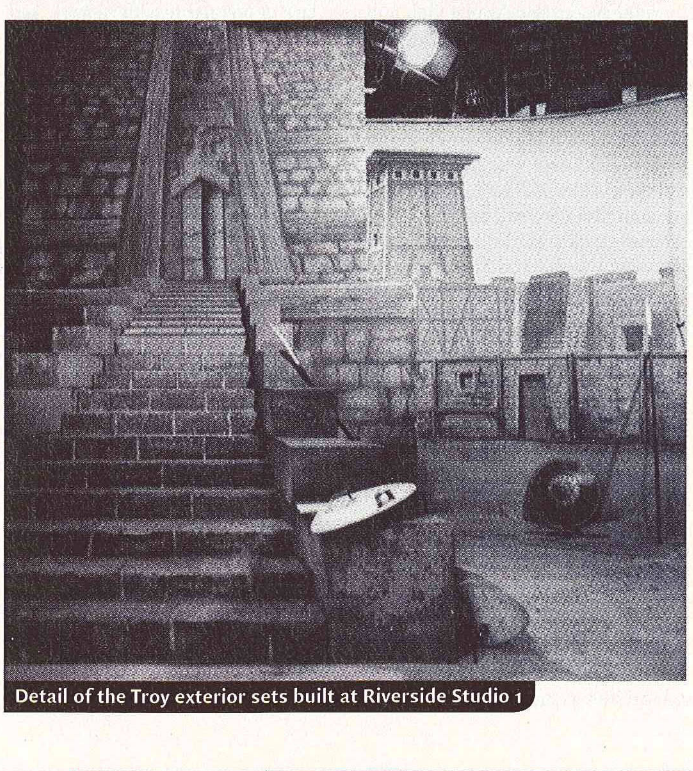
BBC staff director Michael Leeston-Smith was assigned to the serial. Born in 1916, Leeston-Smith began working at Ealing Studios in 1932 as a stills cameraman, graduating to sound recordist; he joined the BBC Television service in 1938 as an engineer, ultimately becoming a lighting director on programmes such as the Quatermass serials. Head of Drama Michael Barry gave him an opportunity to direct drama in 1961; he also worked on *Catch Hand*, *Z Cars* and *R3*. Designer John Wood had previously worked on *The Web Planet* and *The Chase*; to learn more about Trojan architecture he visited the British Museum, discovering that the Trojans' style of building had been fairly basic, being generally carved from large pieces of stone. Daphne Dare continued to supervise costumes, although she was deputised by Tony Pearce for *Small Prophet, Quick Return*. Similarly, regular make-up designer Sonia Markham was not available for the first two episodes; her role was taken by Elizabeth Blattner, who had supervised the first two *Doctor Who* serials.

Filming for the first serial of the third production block took place at Frensham Ponds in Surrey, an empty expanse of land often used by film and television crews, and close to Leeston-Smith's home. Shooting on 35mm began on Friday 27 August with the two major fight sequences for the serial: Hector duelling with Achilles in *Temple of Secrets* and Achilles battling Troilus in *Horse of Destruction* (as the final episode had been re-titled), both taking place on the sandy plains outside Troy. The fights were arranged by Derek Ware, with doubles for Alan Haywood (playing Hector) and Cavan Kendall (playing Achilles) being employed in some shots. Despite this, Haywood grazed his hand on a shield during the afternoon, and Kendall was grazed and blistered during the swordfight; consequently, Monday 30 saw a remount of some of Kendall's scenes. On Tuesday 31, James Lynn, playing Troilus, performed some of his *Horse of Destruction* sequences on the plain; here, Lynn cut his hand, and filming had to be carried over yet again.

Wednesday 1 September saw both Barrie Ingham and Lemkow join the cast, as Paris and Cyclops respectively. Ingham, a Royal Shakespeare Company actor, had played Alydon in Aaru's cinema film *Dr Who and the Daleks* just a few months earlier; Lemkow, an Armenian actor/dancer, had already appeared in *Marco Polo* and *The Crusade*. Scenes shot on this day included Cyclops being killed by Paris' patrol in *Death of a Spy*, plus the Trojan soldiers looking up at the horse in *Death of a Spy*, more shots of Troilus on the plain in the final episode and the night-time sequence in *Temple of Secrets* where Steven approaches the Greek camp.

Thursday 2 saw more work on both Cyclops' death scene and the Troilus/Achilles swordfight. Wood's team created a model of Troy which was set up on location and filmed through a partially reflective mirror using the Eugan Scufftan process, allowing actors to be seen moving about inside the gates and courtyard of the city in the distance; the model was used when Achilles shows Troy to the Doctor in *Temple of Secrets* and to establish the city in the final episode, with both the horse and the TARDIS in the square. Several shots of the model – built by Wood in little over a week to look distinctly 'hurried' – were also filmed on location. It seems that around Friday 3 there was an extra day's filming at Ealing for some of the model shots, and also possibly shots of the Greeks emerging from the horse on ropes in the final episode.

That same day, Purves was informed that his option for a further 20 episodes had been taken up – but O'Brien was informed that she would not be needed after the Trojan story. Wiles' decision not to take up her option came as a shock to O'Brien, who had returned from holiday expecting a



Detail of the Troy exterior sets built at Riverside Studio 1

'Cressida' – aka Vicki – is wooed by Troilus (James Lynn) . . .

regular income; although she had disliked both the role and the scripts, and was glad to move on, she had not thought that her departure would be so soon. On Thursday 9, O'Brien's temporary replacement, Adrienne Hill, was contracted to play Katarina in five episodes; she was cast by director Douglas Camfield's *Daleks' Master Plan* team. Her first *Doctor Who* work was filming her death scene in the 12-parter.

Music for *The Myth Makers* was played by eight musicians from the Sinfonia of London conducted and composed by their leader, Humphrey Searle; the Sinfonia had provided the music for Cotton's Greek trilogy on the Third Programme. About 14 minutes of music cues were recorded, making prominent use of horns and guitar.

By the time rehearsals began at the North Kensington Community Centre on Dalgarno Way in London on Monday 13 September, Wiles was firmly settled in – and this was one cause of the irritation and upset suffered by William Hartnell over the next few weeks. Having recorded *Desert Island Discs* on Monday 2 August (broadcast on Monday 23 August), Hartnell had returned from his summer break to find that Wiles had fully taken over from Lambert, of whom he was very fond; his upset was increased by news of O'Brien's sudden departure. To make matters worse, the actor had just spent a week in bed with a very bad cold. Hartnell was now the only member of the original team left, but did have a firm working relationship with Purves; both men were perfectionists of a similar temperament, and both fell foul of Wiles' serious approach. To get his way with Wiles, Hartnell would either act very frail or go to Wiles' superiors. Hartnell was having increasing problems with his lines, becoming very angry at his failings.

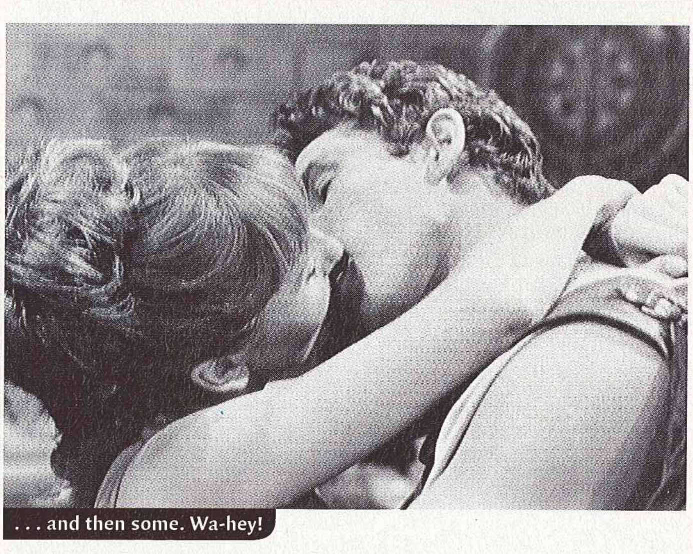
Of the guest cast, Ivor Salter, playing Odysseus, had appeared as *The Space Museum*'s Morok Commander earlier in the year. Veteran comic actor Francis de Wolff was Agamemnon; he had played Vasor in *The Keys of Marinus: The Snows of Terror*. Hartnell was wary of the bold de Wolff, and soon fell foul of the latter's wit. Recording the scene in which Agamemnon invites the Doctor into his tent, Hartnell 'fluffed' a line; accordingly, de Wolff changed his "Do sit down and have a ham-bone" to, "Do sit down, ham, and have a bone." This did not help Hartnell's insecurity.

Temple of Secrets was recorded on Friday 17 September between 8.30 and 9.45pm (the standard time for the first three episodes); each episode was videotaped in Riverside Studio 1 (apparently, Television Centre was not available). Hartnell had more bad luck; at 6.10pm, during camera rehearsals, a molecrane camera platform struck him on the left shoulder, leaving him badly bruised.

The episode began with the filmed fight between Hector and Achilles, over which opening captions were superimposed. Some of the location footage ran on the monitor used as the TARDIS scanner screen (later, this relayed pictures from the 'sandy plain' set outside). Purves changed from his *Galaxy 4* outfit into Greek robes while Hartnell and Kendall were recording a scene on the sandy ridge set. Closing captions ran over a shot of the Trojan plaque on the plain.

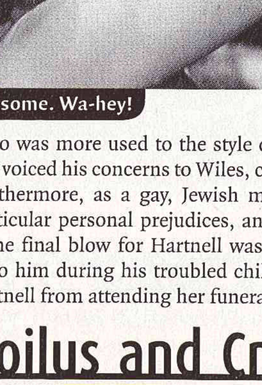
Despite his accident, Hartnell managed to attend a Battle of Britain celebration at RAF Finningly near Doncaster the following day, Saturday 18. When rehearsals recommenced on the Monday (apparently at the Drill Hall on Bulwer Street), Hartnell's worries increased as he worked alongside Max Adrian, cast as King Priam. Although he had worked with Adrian in films like 1936's *Nothing Like Publicity*, he became jealous, feeling that his fellow cast members were hanging on Adrian's every word – including O'Brien, who was captivated by the recollections of an actor every bit as vulnerable as Hartnell himself. Like de Wolff, Adrian was an actor with great presence, and was irritated by Hartnell's difficulties with his lines. For his part, Hartnell was fearful of being upstaged by Adrian, who was more used to the style of camp comedy contained in the script; the star voiced his concerns to Wiles, claiming that the Doctor was being sidelined. Furthermore, as a gay, Jewish man, Adrian fell victim to two of Hartnell's particular personal prejudices, and found himself cold-shouldered by the star. The final blow for Hartnell was the death of his aunt – the only person close to him during his troubled childhood. The production schedule prevented Hartnell from attending her funeral.

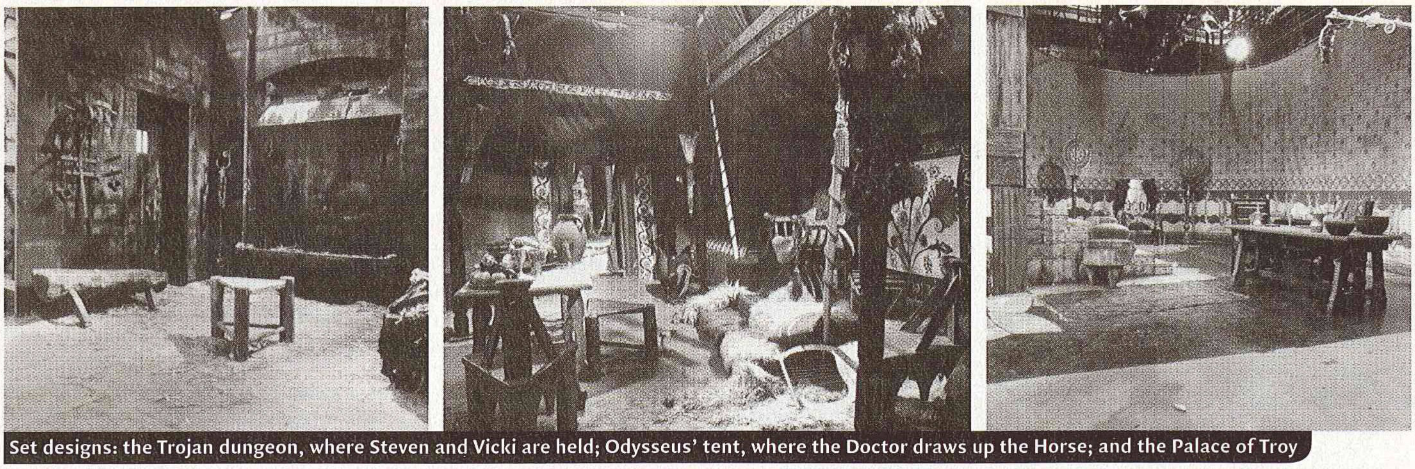
> **'I think I was pretty much dying to get out from the start really . . .'**
>
> **Maureen O'Brien**


. . . and then some. Wa-hey!

STORYLINE Troilus and Cressida

Inspiring a key subplot in *The Myth Makers,* the story of Troilus and Cressida hails from a medieval romance. The Cressida figure appears in *Le Roman de Troie* by 12th century French writer Beniot de Sainte-Maure; here, the Trojan 'Briseida' is handed to the Greeks by her father at the start of the war, and Troilus learns that she has taken the Greek Diomede as her lover. The same tale, apparently derived from the priests of Troy, appears in Guido delle Colonie's *Historia Trojana*, and became the 'Troilus and Cressida' story in *Il Filostrato*, a 14th century poem by the Italian Giovanni Boccaccio. Written circa 1380, Chaucer's epic tragedy *Troylus and Criseyde* was derived from Boccaccio's work. Shakespeare reworked the narrative in 1602 as *Troilus and Cressida*; here, Troilus woos Cressida. Cotton's storyline includes a basic romance between Prince Troilus and Vicki/Cressida, but has a distinctly different chronology of events to Shakespeare.





Set designs: the Trojan dungeon, where Steven and Vicki are held; Odysseus' tent, where the Doctor draws up the Horse; and the Palace of Troy

Also joining the cast in *Small Prophet, Quick Return* was Frances White, another RSC actress who went on to appear in shows such as *I, Claudius* and *May to December*. White played Cassandra; although credited on screen, she later asked Wiles to omit her name from the *Radio Times* cast listings.

Friday 24 September saw the taping of the second episode at Riverside. A photocall was held at 3.30pm in the afternoon where publicity photographs showing the Doctor at the Greek camp, Vicki meeting the Trojans and Steven fighting Paris were taken. Following a film reprise of the scene in Agamemnon's tent, opening captions ran over shots of footprints in the sand on the Plain set. In the opening scene, two small sections of scripted dialogue were not recorded. The first came after Agamemnon has lost his temper, thinking he has been made to look a fool; Odysseus was to have commented sarcastically on how they would forget the matter, apart from maybe "a song or two . . . telling how Agamemnon dined with Zeus, and begged a Trojan prisoner for advice. But nothing detrimental." The second section was lost from the the end of the scene, where Hartnell and Purves understandably misinterpreted one of Salter's cues and skipped several speeches (Salter had two lines which both ended, "Who are you?"); here, the Doctor was supposed to say that Achilles had thrust the role of Zeus upon him ("That I can believe," says Odysseus. "He sees Gods everywhere . . ."). A recording break allowed O'Brien to change costumes after the scene in which Vicki looks for suitable clothes in the TARDIS. Closing credits rolled over a shot of Vicki and Steven as the Trojan guards advance upon them.

During rehearsals for *Death of a Spy*, Purves was released for filming on *The Daleks' Master Plan* on Tuesday 28 September, as was Hartnell on Thursday 30. *Death of a Spy* was recorded on Friday 1 October, beginning with a filmed reprise of Cassandra's accusations, following which opening captions were placed over a new shot of Steven, Vicki and the guards. The cells in which Steven and Vicki are placed were linked, with a window looking out across a raised set on which extras could be seen walking. In the final scene, the cast spoke dialogue over model film of the Great Horse on the plain, and the 'Next Episode' caption was shown over model film of the horse approaching the city.

Adrienne Hill joined the cast for rehearsals the following week; she had filmed Katarina's death scene at Ealing on Monday 27 September. Hill, who had watched the show regularly beforehand, was impressed by the cast of her debut episode; Hartnell and Purves took her to lunch, explaining how to deal with the show's hectic production schedules. Purves and Hartnell were released for more filming on *The Daleks' Master Plan* on Thursday 7 October.

'Hartnell didn't approve of the high camp, so we kept the Doctor on the periphery'

Donald Tosh

Horse of Destruction was recorded the next day. A scene at the city gates was pre-recorded between 11.30am and 12.00; this was a single locked-off camera shot showing a Greek soldier opening the gates – a tricky manoeuvre, since forced-perspective gates, designed to appear 100 feet tall, had been constructed in the 14-foot studio. A photocall for O'Brien and Lynn was held at 3.45pm. Recording ran between 8.15 and 9.45pm, starting with a opening captions over a film reprise. Where Vicki and Steven look at the horse, the actors first spoke over model film, and then over a low-angled shot of the horse model in studio. A recording break was scheduled to both set in the smoke required to indicate that Troy was on fire and to apply a make-up wound to Purves' shoulder. Ware, who arranged the fights in studio, played the Trojan whose sword injures Steven. The final recording break was used to line-up the inlay effect required to show the TARDIS dematerialising with Odysseus and his soldiers in the same shot. Eight feet of 35mm stock film from *Travellers to Kurdistan* showing approaching horsemen was used to depict Aeneas' arrival. The episode ended with a shot of the Doctor and Katarina with the wounded Steven; the caption 'Next Episode: *The Nightmare Begins*' was superimposed as Hartnell left shot. The picture was then crossfaded to a close-up shot of the horse model, which was faded out for the closing credit roller.

With recording complete, Hartnell, Purves and Hill had a week's holiday before rehearsals for *The Daleks' Master Plan*. *The Myth Makers* was O'Brien's final work on the series, telling the press that she was returning to the theatre; she had no regrets by this time, but was sad to leave Purves and Hartnell. Leeston-Smith never returned to the show, although Wiles later wrote to express his hope that they would work together again.

During editing, a single cut was made to *Small Prophet, Quick Return*, at the end of the scene where Cassandra announces that the TARDIS should be burned: Paris objects because he found the 'thing', but Priam tells him that he should stand aside because his sister is right. However, several cuts had to be made to *Horse of Destruction* to bring it down to time. The first was the end of the palace scene after Priam, Paris and Cassandra go to look at the horse; Troilus enters searching for Cressida, which again allows Cassandra to denounce both Cressida and Diomede as Greek spies – to Priam's chagrin ("Never was a father graced with such quarrelsome children"). The second cut, again in the palace, was from the beginning of the scene in which Vicki enters to find Troilus: Katarina reports to Cassandra that she cannot find 'Cressida', whereupon Priam and Paris enter discussing the horse; Priam dislikes it, whereas Paris tells his father, "We mustn't look a gift from the Gods in the mouth." Cassandra then says that if it was from the gods, she would have had a sign; Priam counters, "If this were from the Gods, then I feel that they ought to have used better craftsmanship." The third cut was the end of the dialogue between Vicki and Katarina – and was Hill's big scene. Here, Katarina looks says that Cassandra sees the horse as Troy's downfall. Vicki asks how Katarina became one of Cassandra's

THE TROJAN WAR History

Bronze Age Troy was a prosperous capital, controlling trade routes into Europe and Asia. The Achaean princes joined forces against Trojan raids; in one raid, a prominent female Achaean was abducted. The princes were led by Attarissyas (the Greek name of Agamemnon), Odysseus from Ithica and Meneleaos [*sic*] of Sparta. The Greek/Trojan conflict ended circa 1184 BC; the 'wooden horse' was most probably some early form of siege engine. Between 1100 BC and 200 BC the city was abandoned.

According to the Greek poet Homer, Troy overlooked the Hellespont. In the late 19th century, Heinrich Schliemann set out to prove that Homer's *Iliad* was a true account; in 1870, he located ruined cities layered upon one another at the point indicated by Homer. There were nine layers in all; the seventh appeared to have been destroyed by fire in the 13th century BC. This was most likely the Troy of *The Iliad*.

handmaidens. "Through the auguries," replies Katarina. "It was foretold that I should be, and it has been foretold that I shall not . . . I am going to die." Vicki asks how she knows, and the girl explains that there were signs: "My own pet dove flew backwards to his nest, then beat his wing thrice and died. When we examined him, he had no liver. So I shall die . . ."

The Myth Makers was previewed in a half-page *Radio Times* feature headlined *Dr Who and the Trojan War*, published Thursday 14 October; this included photographs of Vicki meeting the Trojans and Paris fighting Steven. On Monday 18 October, *The Scotsman*'s Peggy Phillips praised the amusing scenes with the Greeks in *Temple of Secrets*. A letter on *Junior Points of View* on Friday 29 indicated confusion about the one-off Dalek episode *Mission to the Unknown* apparently leading nowhere. On Monday 2 November, the *Daily Sketch* ran a piece about Maureen O'Brien's departure and the imminent arrivals of both Adrienne Hill and Jean Marsh (who would play Sara Kingdom in *The Daleks' Master Plan*); *The Times* on 6 November looked at science fiction on television, referring to both *Out of the Unknown* and Adrian's appearance in *The Myth Makers*. As with *Mission to the Unknown*, the audience size was well down on *Galaxy 4* – but was comparable to *Planet of Giants*, which had been running in the same weeks the previous year. However, the BBC retained approximately 16% of the audience share, compared to 11-15% on the ITV network. At this point, the main items of competition were the pop/variety show *Thank Your Lucky Stars* (on ATV-London) and the new Irwin Allen SF adventure series, *Lost in Space* (on ABC/Southern); by Saturday 30 November, ABC replaced the *Jupiter II* crew with the Jimmy Clitheroe sitcom *Just Jimmy*. More worrying were *The Myth Makers*' audience reaction figures; two episodes scored less than 50% approval.

DEPARTURE Maureen O'Brien

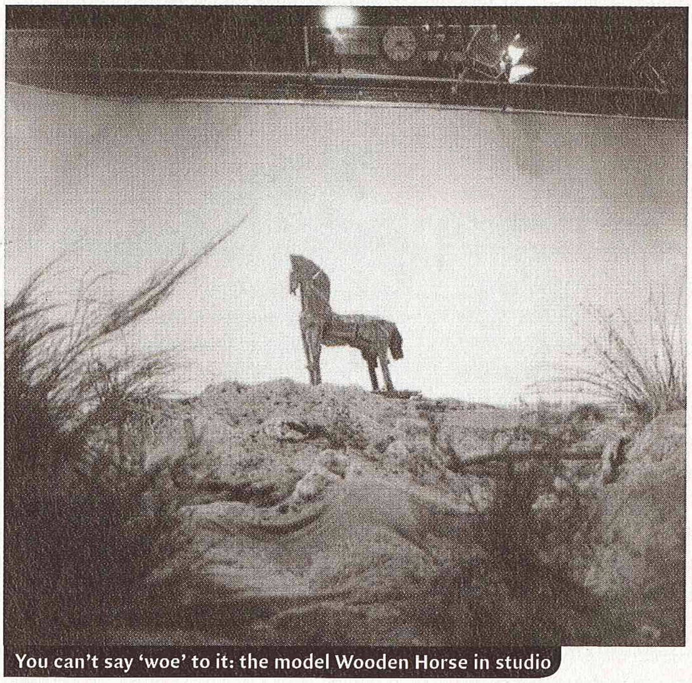
Maureen O'Brien was glad to return to obscurity, although she was typecast as Vicki for a couple of years, becoming a supply teacher at a girls' school for a short while. She then took on much notable stage work, with roles including Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, Imogen in *Cymbeline*, Rosalind in *As You Like It* and Bertha in *The Exiles*, as well as *The Farmer's Wife, The Tempest, Volpone, The Seagull* and *The Relapse*. She has also continued to appear on television in programmes such as *The Legend of King Arthur, The Duchess of Duke Street, Taggart, Cracker* and a regular role in *Casualty*. As well as a great deal of radio work, O'Brien branched out as a writer, first for stage and radio and then developing a successful literary career after her first novel, *Close-Up on Death*. She won the 1979 Best Radio Actress Award for the one-hour monologue *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept*.

On Wednesday 17 November, the Audience Research Report on *Temple of Secrets* was compiled, and the audience sample of 176 gave a below average reaction. Many were confused that the *Mission to the Unknown* narrative had not been continued: "several . . . wondered if a mistake had been made and the wrong programme put out." This had caused both severe disappointment and complaints that the series no longer made sense. Some found the historical setting a change from outer space and welcomed the touch of humour. The acting was considered mediocre and the production 'stagey'. A second report, this time on *Horse of Destruction*, was prepared on Wednesday 8 December. The audience sample of 229 gave a slightly better reaction score this time, although the setting had not held the attention of the children and there was a general desire to return to the Dalek storyline. Vicki's departure and Katarina's arrival had been an unexpected surprise. Hartnell's acting was noted as being a bit 'doddery', and the lack of screen time given to the horse was thought disappointing.

As *Dr Who and the Mythmakers*, the serial was sold abroad in the form of 16mm film recordings: Australia's ABC purchased the serial in September 1966, rating it 'G' for transmission in November 1966, with a repeat in March 1968; New Zealand received the serial in September 1968, broadcast it between January and April 1969, and then sent the films on to Singapore in September 1972. The serial was also sold to Barbados (in 1967), Zambia (in 1968) and to Sierra Leone (around 1970). By 1974, it was no longer available for purchase from BBC Enterprises, and the prints were junked. The original 405-line videotapes of all the episodes bar *Temple of Secrets* were wiped on Thursday 17 August 1967, with the remaining instalment erased on Friday 31 January 1969.

Cotton took great delight in novelising his scripts as *Doctor Who: The Myth Makers* for WH Allen; as well as injecting more humour, he told the tale from the point of view of Homer (a rather anachronistically insertion into the narrative); the poet effectively took on the role of Cyclops, losing both his eyes during the course of the story! The book was published in hardback in April 1985, with a Target paperback following in September. In August 1988, *The Myth Makers* was joined with Cotton's *The Gunfighters* to form one of the *Doctor Who Classics* books issued by Star.

A complete audio recording survives, along with some poor quality silent 8mm extracts filmed off-screen from the Australian transmissions. These show Vicki and Steven in the TARDIS in *Temple of Secrets* and, from *Small Prophet, Quick Return*, Vicki seeing Priam on the TARDIS scanner, Steven and the Doctor on the sandy plain and Vicki leaving the TARDIS.



You can't say 'woe' to it: the model Wooden Horse in studio

SERIAL U THE MYTH MAKERS

CAST **William Hartnell** *Dr Who* and **Maureen O'Brien** *Vicki*, **Peter Purves** *Steven* with **Max Adrian** *King Priam* [2-4] and **Barrie Ingham** *Paris* [2-4] with **Cavan Kendall** *Achilles* [1,4], **Alan Haywood** *Hector* [1], **Ivor Salter** *Odysseus*, **Francis de Wolff** *Agamemnon* [1-3], **Jack Melford** *Menelaus* [1,3], **Tutte Lemkow** *Cyclops* [1-3], **Frances White** *Cassandra* [2-4], **Jon Luxton** *Messenger* [2], **James Lynn** *Troilus* [3-4], **Adrienne Hill** *Katarina* [4]

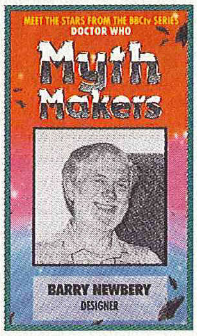
EXTRAS **Pat Gorman** *Double for Achilles*; **Michael Wilder** *Double for Hector*; **Russell Scott, Peter Stewart, James Hamilton, Gary Wyler, Ken Norris, Michael Stevens, Paul Barnes** *Greek and Trojan Soldiers*; **Michelle Barry** *Young Girl Servant in Agamemnon's Tent*; **Stephen Ubels** *Young Boy Servant in Agamemnon's Tent*; **Pat Gorman, Michael Wilder, Peter Roy, Derek Schaffer, John Freeman, Tony Hennessy** *Greek Soldiers in Patrol*; **Victor Bailey, Walter Henry, Ian Anton, John Moyce, Jack Rolands, John Moore, John May, Michael Osborne, David Greneau, Eric Blackburn, Darrell Richards** *Greek Soldiers/Trojan Soldiers/People in Square of Troy/Trojan Guards in Palace*; **Jack Duggan, Lesley Bryan, Gerry Alexander, Ricky Lancing** *Trojan Guards*; **Joanna Smithers, Doreen Ubels, Cara Stevens, Margaret Brass** *Women in Square of Troy*; **Mike Reid, Graham Hardy, Norton Clark** *Greek Soldiers*; **Steve Pokol, Peter Day, Donald Simons** *Trojan Soldiers*; **Ralph Carrigan, Roy Douglas, Christopher Stephens** *Greek Soldiers/Trojan Soldiers/People in Square*; **Daphne Green, Mary McMillan** *Trojan Women in Square*; **Derek Ware** *Stuntman/Trojan Soldier*; **Beverley and Pat Stephens** *People in Square*

CREDITS *Written by* **Donald Cotton**. *Fights arranged by* **Derek Ware** [1,4]. *Title music by* **Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Film Cameraman* **Peter Hamilton** [4]. *Film Editor* **Caroline Shields** [4]. *Costumes by* **Daphne Dare** [**Tony Pearce** on 2, uncredited]. *Make-up supervised by* **Elizabeth Blattner** [1-2], **Sonia Markham** [3-4]. *Lighting* **Ralph Walton**. *Sound* **Dave Kitchen** [1-3], **Brian Forgham** [4]. *Story Editor* **Donald Tosh**. *Music composed and conducted by* **Humphrey Searle**. *Designer* **John Wood**. *Producer* **John Wiles**. *Directed by* **Michael Leeston-Smith**.

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
Temple of Secrets	16 October 1965	5.50-6.15pm	24'45"	8.3M (34th)	48
Small Prophet, Quick Return	23 October 1965	5.50-6.15pm	24'43"	8.1M (40th)	51
Death of a Spy	30 October 1965	5.50-6.15pm	25'38"	8.7M (33rd)	49
Horse of Destruction	6 November 1965	5.50-6.15pm	24'25"	8.3M (38th)	52

Shelf Life

With **Vanessa Bishop**



MYTH MAKERS 46 BARRY NEWBERY

Reeltime Pictures £16.99

A designer's memoirs are, perhaps understandably, less anecdotal, with fewer opportunities available to relay the warm-hearted japes shared by performers, or the eleventh-hour panics which drive production offices. Yet Barry Newbery's quiet tales show him as tested as any of *Doctor Who*'s contributors, if not by difficult actors or failing scripts, then by petulant lighting men who wish to illuminate *Marco Polo*'s journey to Peking like a floodlit midweek football international, and set-builders who took his original design for the Silurians' sturdy cave system and turned it, inexplicably, into a floppy eiderdown.

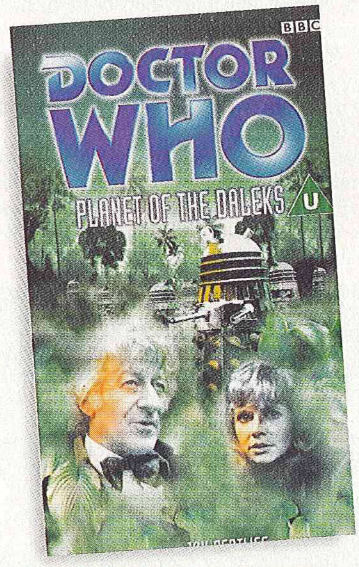
Obviously Newbery's work requires more illustration than most, and the tape is fortunate, when dealing with the completed sets, in drawing upon an extensive, and largely unfamiliar, pictorial archive. Paradoxically, Newbery's talent speaks loudest when exposing how much he faked, how he deceived the depth-of-field and how drapes were employed when the sets didn't stretch.

A worthy portrait of a television magician and his most talked-about tricks.

DOCTOR WHO: DALEKS BOXED SET

Boxed set BBC Video **Featuring** The Third Doctor & Jo/the Sixth Doctor & Peri
RRP TBA **Cat Nos** BBCV 6928/BBCV 6927
Available 15 November

DOCTOR WHO: PLANET OF THE DALEKS



Thals and Daleks face off once more in a (mostly) colour-soaked reprise of the first Skaro serial.

If, by the mid-1960s, Dalek creator Terry Nation had come to view *Doctor Who* scripting as his weekend job, then *Planet of the Daleks* gives a real insight into how his regard for the show had further dwindled by the early 1970s. Despite having completed the various glossy series which had taken him away from *Doctor Who* in the first place, *Planet* still smacks of something Nation thought up hastily between dinner courses. We should be grateful that when his mind did drift back to the Daleks, he at least fashioned a plot upon something as solid as the first Dalek serial, and not something once dished up for *The Persuaders!*.

To be fair, there's some legitimacy in an approximate remake of that debut Dalek adventure. *Doctor Who* had a new audience; the original was now ten years old, black and white, unlikely to be repeated – and, most probably, earmarked for destruction before *Planet* even began its gaudy run. Unfortunately, I imagine the arrival of Aaru's first Dalek film on television the previous summer rather scuppered the production's good intentions. In stealing its thunder, colour, and pointedly trailing many of its similarities, the film exposes *Planet* as a superfluous, soulless impersonation.

Doggedly reworking the first Dalek serial's set-pieces, *Planet* forgets to tie them to a story of any consequence. Land the Doctor between some starving, pacifist Thals and some malicious, bomb-waving mutants with a fully-stocked larder, then you've got a story. Land him between the same malicious mutants only to find some Thals waving the bombs back, and you might as well let them get on with it. Even the indigenous life isn't worth saving. The plants gob on you and the Spiridons are willing Dalek toadies. Consequently, the Doctor is recast as a sage adviser; the story's repeatedly stalled while he pauses to elaborate upon the characters' hopes and fears – concerns which the plot is otherwise unable to accommodate. Taking the form of cheesy speeches, the Doctor's views bubble up from nowhere, making consecutive episodes come across as either preachy tutorials or clumsy soap. Although Pertwee's final monologue concerning the glamorising of war is rightly famed for its ability to curl paving stones, the speech in the latter half in Episode Four is equally unforgiving. After serving up a tiff between unlikely lovers Rebec and Taron, and a mawkish lecture from the Doctor on the responsibilities of leadership, the cliffhanger totally fails to approach anything nearly so scary.

Superfluous and soulless, Planet smacks of something Terry Nation thought up hastily between dinner courses

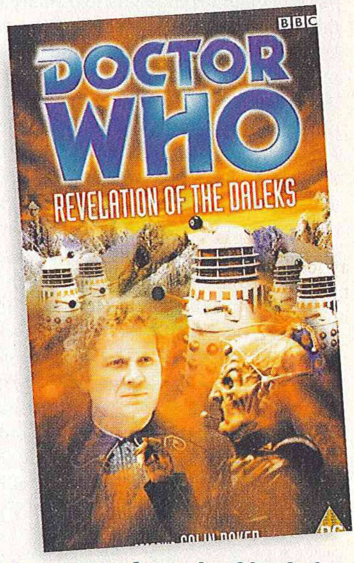
What the Doctor, and story, cry out for is the dynamic that surely drives all Dalek encounters – the opportunity for the Doctor to step forward as the Daleks' nemesis, for one to square up to the other in a head-on confrontation, the moment where things almost become personal. Remarkably, until Episode Six's middle, the Daleks aren't even aware he's on Spiridon, less still what he looks like!

But, although ham-fisted, I'd take *Planet* over the Pertwee era's other Dalek tales. Its sheer boldness of colour and ambition of scale leave both *Day of* and *Death to the Daleks* looking tiny and pedestrian. Oddly, the more implausible and difficult a scene is to realise, the more assured *Planet* becomes. The rough terrain which has defeated so many Daleks – and directors! – appears, in the brief location footage, to come from an altogether much slicker production. Likewise, the barely credible ascent up the refrigeration plant's chimney via DIY hot-air balloon is considered enough to avoid the tawdry look of CSO, and is shot and cut so tightly that it emerges as the serial's most dramatic incident.

Intermittently, *Planet* promises to become a greater and more experimental story than the game of cat and mouse it is. Jo supplanting the Doctor as the first episode's focus is plucky, and it's a shame the idea wasn't retained for longer. Likewise, briefly, it appears that invisibility might provide the answer to the programme's budgetary limitations, that we might yet gawp at a Spiridon jungle alive with the fire-power of a thousand invisible Daleks – until the script abandons the concept completely.

Ultimately, *Planet of the Daleks* is a childish thing, full of hit-and-miss spectacle. Yet it draws the eye like a toyshop at Christmas. It'd be a mistake to deny its ability to evoke a sense of wonder.

DOCTOR WHO: REVELATION OF THE DALEKS



A potent and macabre blend of horror and comedy.

The hardest things to review are those you like the most. I like *Revelation of the Daleks* the most. My heart plummeted at the news of its unexpected release. It shot down my left leg and sits quivering in my foot, sobbing at the enormity of its task. Weeping, it knows it'll have to quantify *Revelation*'s brilliance; knows that superlatives will have to be found, all of them erudite and subtly different – so when presented like gifts to the acting, the costumes and the music, or flung like mud at the script, the direction, the make-up, even the weather and the enforced, freeze-frame ending, they'll avoid repetition, avoid sounding like a contrived and empty eulogy.

Far better for this reviewer to tug her integrity from the keyboard and fall into line. Easier to retrieve last year's *DWM*

Awards listing, point to *The Three Doctors* being one position ahead of *Revelation* and comment on there being no comparison between the two, in the hope that readers might spot the irony.

If not, then *Revelation* would encourage dangerous sentiments. Such as, although Michael Wisher's original *Genesis of the Daleks* Davros was undoubtedly delicate, beautiful, noble and icy, it has for too long unfairly overshadowed what Terry Molloy achieves here. His Davros – or, more specifically, his disembodied Great Healer – is a staggering grotesque, with both his performance and dialogue in another room from the embittered maniac of the previous season's *Resurrection of the Daleks*. Eric Saward's script offers Davros a range which no other evil ever came near. He talks to the oafish Tasambeker as a lover; to co-conspirator Kara like the most suave and agreeable of dinner guests. With savoured pride he offers Tasambeker life as a Dalek; with sarcasm he notes that his entrepreneurial activities – processing the dead as food – might incur consumer resistance; and with irony (a quality almost unique in *Doctor Who* villainy), he jests of his new title. This undivulged humour, above all, creates Davros anew. Private scenes showing him coughing his death-rattle laugh and hollering in uncontrollable hysterics at the Doctor's blind gullibility illustrate that, before *Revelation*, we only half-knew him.

> **Eric Saward's cruel, sick and innuendo-laden Revelation script gives Davros a range which no other villain came near**

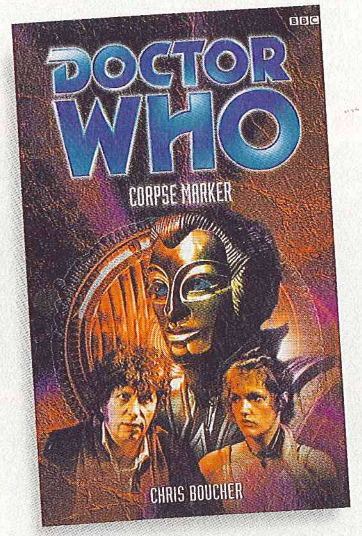
Lecherous, gross, cruel, sick, innuendo-laden and unwholesome, *Revelation* is unlikely to share many characteristics with *Planet of the Daleks*. Although the Daleks are again unaware of the Doctor's presence, they are newborns here, and thus excused. *Planet* does share the criticism most often levelled at *Revelation* – that, throughout the first episode, the Doctor is detained from involvement in the plot. Bunkum! If you have to beat a story with a stick that limp, you know you're in trouble. In reality, the footage is stunning, the banter between the Doctor and Peri the best it would get, the mutant's attack the most intentful since the crazed technicians of *Inferno*. And it's endemic to Davros' plot that, through lies and humiliation, the Doctor should slowly gravitate towards him. If he'd materialised the TARDIS inside the catacombs we would know less about everyone.

Director Graeme Harper surpasses his impressive *Caves of Androzani* work. Without a single poor shot, prop or setting to erode the impression of reality, few stories sustain their length so strongly. In this respect, no production in *Doctor Who*'s run came so close to perfection. This isn't how *Doctor Who* should've *left* for its 18-month sabbatical, this is how it should've *returned* – fused with backbone, dropped slap-bang into a terrifying universe. Season 22 was an uneven, transitory period, but at least the show appeared to arrive in the late 20th century, offering up some of its most ballsy productions for years, acid tales where media monsters were *actually* monsters – and where corporate heads were *literally* heads.

Saward also takes from storytelling's oldest traditions: Kara is a Lady Macbeth who dresses like *Snow White*'s Wicked Queen and wants to be just as rid of the competition; Vogel is her fawning handmaiden; Orcini, a one-legged knight, is hired to slay a monster. *Revelation* presents a workable blueprint for a twisted Never-Never Land, and is the antidote to all the fizzy, 'chin-up' and ethereal adventures of the Fifth Doctor's era which had so weakened *Doctor Who*'s momentum.

Screaming out of the telly, it's remorseless.

DOCTOR WHO:
CORPSE MARKER



Novel BBC Books **Author** Chris Boucher
Featuring The Fourth Doctor & Leela
RRP £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55575 0
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The Robots of Death march again in menacing pursuit of unfinished business.

Reuniting *The Robots of Death*'s surviving crewmembers was never going to be a joyous and merry occasion. Having built a rapport on the trading of razored remarks, it's stretching the imagination to expect their eventual reacquaintance, in *Corpse Marker*, would find Uvanov, Toos and Poul swapping phone numbers. Consequently, the reunion *Shelf Life* waited most for in a book is functional, a little disappointing, but entirely in keeping.

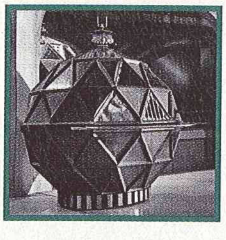
Less so are this trio's sketchy characterisations. Given that writer Chris Boucher's characters have since been cast, it's surprising how little he's exploited the fact. Their brief descriptions are no more than what could be expected of *The Robots of Death*'s original camera script. Whether in presumption of his readers' knowledge, or substituted for his preference towards dialogue, it's only in recalling the original's memorable portrayals that *Corpse Marker*'s versions come to life. Poul, written without the unruly curls and actor David Collings' expression of a rabbit caught in the headlights, becomes little more than a faceless, twitching paranoiac. Similarly, the definitions of Uvanov and Toos are blueprints befitting Vincent Price and Joan Collins just as loosely as Russell Hunter and Pamela Salem. Also, the Sandminers are diminished with just two measurements of their height and length. Even the impressively sculpted robots are reduced to being "highly polished, highly stylised, highly necessary", granting them about as much visual magnificence as a Regency doorknob.

Clearly *Corpse Marker* isn't as interested in image as the various designers who made its television prequel; Boucher's more concerned with what his characters have to say. Considering his professional television credits, it may be easy to observe that the novel is very script-heavy. Nevertheless, more of the story is told within speechmarks than outside them, and if characters aren't conversing with each other, they're conversing with themselves.

Both Poul and Leela are the best affected in this way. The former Company spy is written obsessing with his thoughts, replaying them over and over in ever shorter sentences. The increasing speed at which his chattering mind can be read neatly illustrates his resurfacing insanity. The Leela of *Corpse Marker* is spelled 'K-I-L-L-E-R', constantly collating every lesson of her warrior training. If this reflects in any way how Boucher originally envisaged the character, then it's small surprise Tom Baker objected. Well beyond the athleticism of both Louise Jameson and Jackie Chan, Leela in print rips through the book like Warner Brothers' Tasmanian Devil wielding a knife.

Opening his story out to the streets, domes and laboratories of Kaldor, Boucher avoids any immediate parallels with *The Robots of Death*'s narrative confines. The cityfolk, though, reflect the Sandminer crew, flouncing and whining in a society struck with a permanent case of PMT. Its cocktail of luxurious wealth and seedy sewer-life reads like a head-on smash between *Dynasty* and *Oliver Twist*. If, when in the company of a Kaldor citizen, he's only tried to poison you, you've been lucky enough to have met one of its nicer examples.

A more sophisticated story than the episodes which inspired it, whether or not *Corpse Marker* is actually better than *The Robots of Death* rather depends on why you appreciate the original. If it was for the *Ten Little Indians* plot, then *Corpse Marker* adapts this for a less guessable tale of conspiracy and cover-ups. If it was for the design, well, there's a nice picture of a robot on the cover. If it was



DOCTOR WHO MINIATURES

Harlequin Miniatures £2.50 + Whomobile set £25.00

Coinciding with *Corpse Marker*, Harlequin's 'Robot of Death Attacking' is quilted, numberless, but with the shapeliest calves. Towering twice its height is 'Azal the Dæmon'. Thickly tufted, he's majestic, commandingly postured and intricately detailed, curl-by-curl, like a Greek statue.

Two Terry Nation creations – a Mechonoid and movie Roboman – feature in this 19th release: the first, an Art Deco gobstopper; the second, prominently pouting, firm-thighed, with an enviable bottom, is more a comic-book caricature.

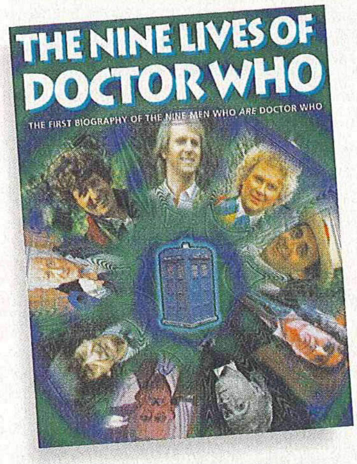
A Cryon, full-breasted and sharply-kneeboned, stands anorexic against Season 23's Katryca, three gun-toting women rolled into one. But whilst Romana II, authoritative in hunting gear and oddly aggressive, lacks the china features of Lalla Ward, Harlequin's Third Doctor is remarkable, a Pertwee so perfect it's frightening.

Part of a three-piece set, he's accompanied by Sarah Jane and the Whomobile. The former's likeness will require a leap of faith; the latter, demanding to be assembled and played with, sits like a giant Monopoly piece and is a faultless recreation.

for the claustrophobia, sinister music and Brian Croucher, then it hasn't got the first, you'll need to supply the second, and frankly, the third's a matter for you and your specialist.

However, although stripped of its television appeal, and with an ambling first 80 pages, *Corpse Marker* springs suddenly – and, like a child of the Sevateem, is at your throat, tearing the fragile 'happy-ever-after' from the survivors of Storm Mine Four.

THE NINE LIVES OF DOCTOR WHO


THE NINE LIVES OF DOCTOR WHO
THE FIRST BIOGRAPHY OF THE NINE MEN WHO ARE DOCTOR WHO

Non-fiction Headline Book Publishing
Author Peter Haining **RRP** £16.99
ISBN 0 7472 2243 6 **Available** Now

A lazy and unwarranted ramble through Doctor Who history.

When, in 1983, Peter Haining's *Doctor Who: A Celebration* captured fandom's heart, it joined a select number of prized publications dealing with *Doctor Who* not as a fairytale, but as a product of television. Only Piccolo's *Making of* and the *Radio Times Tenth Anniversary Special* were as essential a package. In retrospect, much of *A Celebration* had already been covered in early **DWM**s, but gathered together, this volume represented new and overdue recognition of the programme's status. It was a love letter that, 16 years on, has been flogged simple.

In a much changed and sophisticated landscape of reference books, *The Nine Lives of Doctor Who* has the appearance and detail of a hurriedly submitted school project. Haining recounts the lives of those who've played the Doctor in the careless manner of a fan who packed in the programme around 1984. His biographies are blighted by clumsy research and bizarre inaccuracies, the majority easily avoided had the author cared to check them against one of his earlier books or, ironically, Jeremy Bentham's excellent *Preservation Archive*, the appendix to this one.

Haining's quick to the defence of this latest repackaging, excusing its re-edited, occasionally updated interviews as a book for a new generation. But recommending it purely to the uninitiated would be like an historian endorsing the events of *The Visitation* as true. Conversely, what's the new fan to make of a near-irrelevant batch of correspondence from Robert Holmes and a central colour photo spread so random and cut-price as to appear selected by the principle of 'eeny-meeny-miny-mo'?

Unintentionally comical are the author's introductions to each actor via a location. Haining becomes geographically obsessed, waxing lyrical about trees and buildings as if compiling *Doctor Who: The Picnicker's Guide*. When combined with frequent lazy grammar, the book achieves unrivalled levels of absurdity. A reference to a bench donated by Peter Cushing gives the impression that the actor morphed dramatically before his death: "Today," says Haining, "the town has a permanent reminder of their much-loved resident who died in 1994 in the shape of a handsome wooden bench-seat . . ."

Dealing with the series sequentially, Doctor-by-Doctor, the book reveals patterns, from the actors' comments, that more specific publications may have missed. But unfortunately, it's the book's many errors which characterise it most. Hitherto unheard-of performers such as 'Jacqueline Hall', 'Louise James' and 'Mark Strickland' have suddenly been given principal parts. *The Web Planet*, on the turn of a page, retitles itself *'The Wet Planet'* and, less amusingly, *'Planet of the Zarbi'*.

Jacqueline Hall, apparently

Peter Haining's Nine Lives has all the detail of a hurriedly submitted school project

Embarrassingly, Haining's introductory chapter has him criticising Verity Lambert for forgetting CE Webber's contribution to *An Unearthly Child*. "Time has played a slight trick with Verity's memory," he says. And so too has it with Haining's. As if performing a cabinet reshuffle, roles are redistributed to create a new *Who*niverse. One where Robert Holmes was Troughton's first script editor, Peter Bryant directed *Revenge of the Cybermen* and Peter Davison is filming *Time-Flight* nine months before Tom Baker has even announced his departure. Dates are revised, as are ages, and no amount of research can confirm Hartnell's final film appearance in *The Abominable Doctor Phibes*, or Colin Baker being in Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*.

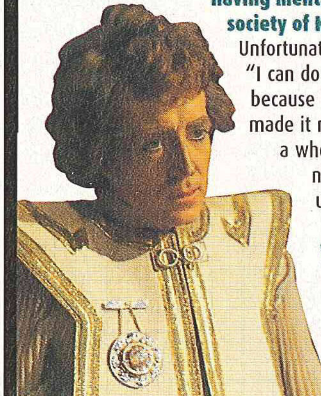
The Nine Lives of Doctor Who is both sloppy and, with people for whom the author has affection, highly romanticised. It reads like it's been translated, and belongs to a time where we all believed *Inside the Spaceship* to be called *Beyond the Sun*.

If you must buy this, then at least wait for the paperback. DWM

TALKING BOOKS Chris Boucher

Leela's creator on *Corpse Marker*, the sequel to his Season 14 whodunnit . . .

Of your three Doctor Who TV scripts, what made *The Robots of Death* the candidate for a sequel?
[Editor] Steve Cole suggested there might be interest in what happened to the characters subsequently. Actually the others are even less suitable for a sequel. I could only do a prequel to *The Face of Evil* and there's really nowhere to go with *Image of the Fendahl*. Of course it's always possible that will be the reaction to *Corpse Marker* – that there was nowhere to go. I hope not, though, because if I'm honest, I'm not completely unchuffed with it!



Having mentioned characters' home lives and families in *The Robots of Death*, was the society of Kaldor already established in your mind?
Unfortunately, no. I thought it was when Steve suggested the book and I said cheerfully, "I can do that." I reckoned it would be easier than my first book, *Last Man Running*, because I had a lot of it already established. That wasn't so much wrong as *wrong*. It made it more difficult. I discovered to my horror that more or less all I'd established was a whole bunch of arbitrary constraints. But I'd said I could do it and I've almost never had the courage to give up. There were times when the title seemed uncomfortably appropriate, however . . .

What particularly fascinates you about robots?
Nothing. In themselves they're quite boring. But like a lot of other people I'm interested in what constitutes life and consciousness and free will and all that sort of stuff. Robots fit rather nicely into thinking about that. For what it's worth, which is very little, my view sums up as: we're all machines but there is no 'Great Mechanic in the Sky'. I remain deeply irritated with superstitions and habits – or religion and culture if you prefer – being paraded as justification for pack viciousness and moronic destruction.

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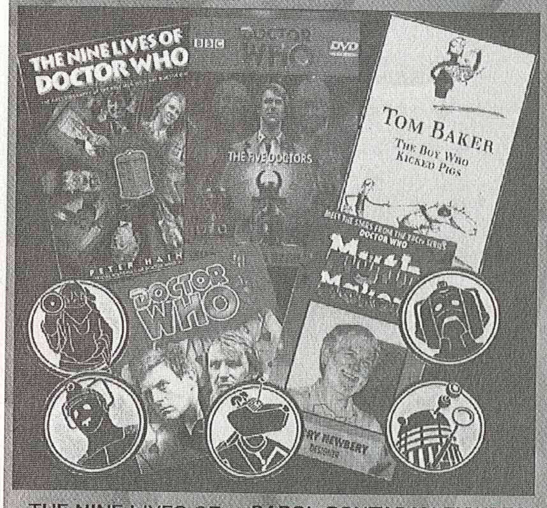
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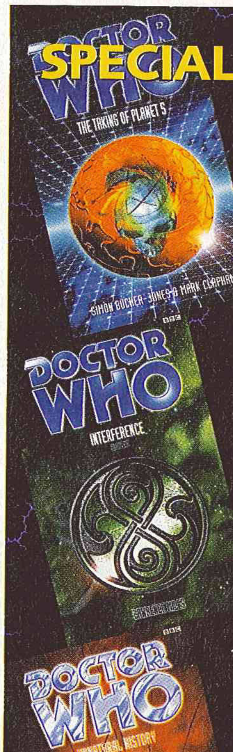
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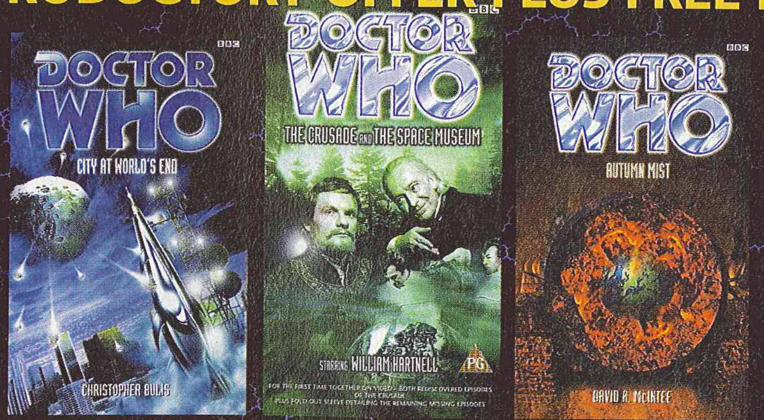
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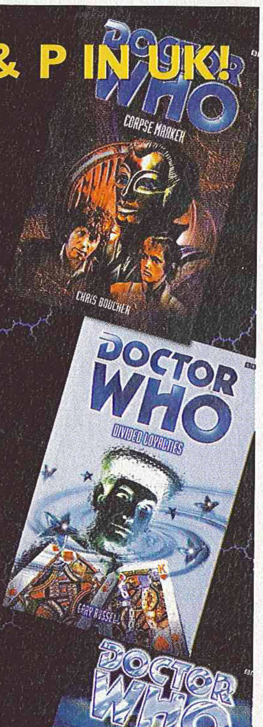
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Pointing the finger

By the end of *The Trial of a Time Lord*, it was clear that the character of the Valeyard was to be a more significant part of the *Doctor Who* mythos than anyone could have suspected – an evil incarnation of the Doctor himself, no less. Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons spoke to the man who gave him life.

"I like playing villains," admits Michael Jayston. "They're good parts to get your teeth into. I played a small part last Christmas in *Element of Doubt* with Nigel Havers. It was a really nasty character, but it was a red herring – they wanted people to think I was the killer. Villains are easy parts to play in some ways as long as you don't go over the top. You can play villains in various ways, but I think it's better to slightly underplay them." Of course, the Valeyard, fearsome court prosecutor throughout the 1986 epic-length *The Trial of a Time Lord*, probably isn't a character to whom the term 'underplaying' applies . . .

Acting was always an ambition for Michael. "I was in a very good amateur group in Nottingham for about two years, in which Peter Bowles and John Bird preceded me. Ken Loach was there at the same time as me, and Tom Baker came after me. A lot of good actors were there who turned pro – it was as good a grounding as most professional reps."

However, at the time he was starting out, it seemed a professional career might prove difficult to achieve. "When I was about 20, the Nottingham Rep was about one of the best in the business – they had people like Brian Blessed walking on – so I thought I didn't stand a chance. Until I saw a touring company, then I auditioned at Guildhall and I managed to get a scholarship." Acting stints followed at Salisbury Rep, the Bristol Old Vic and eventually the Royal Shakespeare Company. Then came television. "The first big telly I did was in 1968 in a thing called *The Power Game* with Deborah Watling's father, Jack." Michael is no stranger to movies either, having appeared in such productions as *Nicholas and Alexandra*.

'Villains are easy parts to play as long as you don't go over the top. It's better to slightly underplay them . . .'

At one point he even came close to becoming one of cinema's greatest icons. "I was up for James Bond years ago, when Roger Moore was thinking of getting out of it. The part seemed to be up for grabs, but they eventually went back to Roger Moore." But Michael did in fact go on to play Ian Fleming's superspy – on BBC Radio, in a faithful adaptation of *You Only Live Twice*. "That was five years ago or more. I don't think it worked on radio because James Bond is action – on radio you have to think it all the time, you don't see the action. It was just a one-off. The director had wanted to do a series of them, but he realised that it really didn't work, though some people liked it."

Along similar lines was the TV series *Quiller*, based on Adam Hall's books, in which Michael played the eponymous agent. "It was the other way around from James Bond, because everything goes on in Quiller's mind in the books, so we had to translate what he was thinking into action. I had some ludicrous things to do in that. I had to stop the world from being blown up by a controlled nuclear explosion. They set up this whole thing in the Moroccan desert with a rat gnawing through a rope which would activate a pulley . . . The writer had written that, but you try getting a rat to gnaw through a rope. So they couldn't do it out there, they had to do it back in England with gerbils. There were two of them and they kept escaping. Eventually, they got the shot of a gerbil and this sort of rope that was made from from old bits of Kellogg's Corn Flakes packets sprinkled with treacle."

Michael was unaware of the precise nature and origins of his *Doctor Who* character when offered the role early in 1986. "I only got four scripts," he explains, "and, as you probably know, the later scripts weren't written for quite some time – in fact the last script took ages to get out, we kept getting different versions of it. So I didn't realise who the Valeyard was. I mean, I knew he was evil and out to get Doctor Who but I didn't know he was the incarnation of the evil side of him until about episode eight." So would he have played the role any differently had he known from the outset just how significant it was? "No, because he was still a villain. There was nothing I played that was out of character with him being the Doctor's evil side, because he was a villain anyway." And, in Michael's opinion, enough of a match for the Doctor on his own: "It seemed rather silly that we had the Master and the Valeyard in one episode, which diffused the evil. You couldn't really latch onto either one of them in that – it divided the nastiness."

By the sound of things, getting the final part of *Trial* out was a trial in itself. "Sometimes, with a series like that, they say, 'Hang on, I made a mistake, you can't say that,' so we might get a page re-write the day before that's got to be inserted, but it wasn't panic stations. Sometimes we were asked to knock out a sentence to make more sense of it – that's really par for the course in script-writing and acting. In the *Only Fools and Horses* we did last Christmas, I got a whole speech about this clock. I learned it all, and three days later I got another one. The day before we did the shooting John [Sullivan, writer] said, 'I've slightly altered this, I'm terribly sorry.' I'd learned it one way, and it was quite convoluted anyway, but he said, 'It doesn't matter how many takes it goes to because I've given you this at the last minute.' So that was fair enough, he's a fine writer and he just wanted to get it right."

Having seen Eric Saward's unused version of *The Trial of a Time Lord*'s climax as well as Pip and Jane Baker's replacement, Michael wasn't unhappy with the the script that was ultimately used. "I think either one of them would have worked, but [in the second one] you got the idea that the Valeyard could quite easily come back." Was that a return he would consider? "I wouldn't mind. But it was so long ago and the rights are a bit tricky with the Americans." While on the subject, he adds: "I thought [Paul] McGann made a fair stab at it, but it was done as Superman, wasn't it? Which *Doctor Who* isn't. I'd like to have seen Robin Williams tackle the part."

Though not entirely enamoured of the recent TV Movie, Michael admits to being quite a fan of the BBC series. "I didn't see much Hartnell, I don't know why, but I watched a hell of a lot with Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker. And I've met a lot of them – I worked with Patrick Troughton on radio, I've known Tom for years and I know Colin of course." He seems reluctant to compare his episodes with those he had watched years before. "I don't know . . . I didn't like one or two of the episodes in the writing, like Colin had to say 'the Graveyard' or 'the Knacker's Yard' or whatever, and it seemed a bit petty for someone of the Doctor's standing to have to resort to

Photos: BBC Video [8]

The Trial of a Time Lord Parts One to Four: The Doctor (Colin Baker) stuck in Marb Station

Parts Four to Eight: Nurse, the screens! Lord Kiv (Christopher Ry asks for a second opinion

Parts 13 and 14: Mr Popplewick (Geoffrey Hughes) – the other Valeyard

schoolboy stuff. But generally the scripts were quite good." Though confusing at times, perhaps? "That was the problem," Michael admits, "it mixed up a lot of people. Colin Baker was saying, 'Hang on, did that happen or didn't it?' A lot of people thought it was the Valeyard making up sequences of his own. You've just got to suspend disbelief in *Doctor Who*." Michael often gets asked by fans if he knows what was actually going on in some of the more perplexing trial sequences. For future reference, he'd like to make it plain that he doesn't. "If people ask me questions about the Matrix . . . well, you don't have to know a mathematical equation to play a scientist, for instance."

What then did Michael enjoy about working on *Doctor Who*? "I liked the costume very much, the black and the silver." But he still has reservations: "I didn't like that hat, it made me look a bit like a garden gnome. They had to stick it to my forehead. Lynda Bellingham didn't like her ruff because every time she turned her head it grazed her face." He managed to lose the hat for location filming at Camber Sands. "I scraped my hair back because I thought it would be better like that and give it a more evil aspect outside the court because the court was formal. No, I'm intellectualising, he looked more like a Christopher Lee character in some ways – he looked good with the hair slicked back and pale make-up. It was a bit tricky in the summer because I got a bit of a tan and they put on this stuff, I forget what it was, this purple stuff that comes out white on the screen."

Parts Nine to Twelve: Mel, the Doctor, Professor Lasky and Janet, completely clueless on the *Hyperion III*

Filming of the courtroom sequences took around three to four months, during one of *Doctor Who*'s most turbulent periods. However, Michael never found himself involved with back-room politics. "Towards the end, we did have an idea that [the BBC] were thinking of cancelling *Doctor Who*. But we just had to get on with the work – if actors do get the idea that something is going to be pulled, you've still got to do the work." Indeed, though stuck in the courtroom set for a lot of the time, he found the atmosphere on the show extremely friendly. "I got on very well with Colin, I still see him quite a lot, and I'm still very good friends with Tony Selby and Joan Sims. I didn't see Joan or Brian Blessed all that much, but I used to see them at readings because we used to have a reading every week to see whether they had altered the script. Or sometimes they'd be rehearsing or they'd just be finishing a certain sequence, especially on film. I knew Brian from before – he's a very strong man, and a black belt in karate. He lifted up the girl who played Peri, Nicola [Bryant], by her shoulders and held her at arm's length for about a minute-and-a-half. She only weighed about seven stone and I know he's strong, but to do that . . . well, don't cross him. He's a very nice man – I think he's mad to climb Everest again, but I like that kind of bravery.'

The Trial of a Time Lord also provided an opportunity to work with Bonnie Langford. "I liked her a lot, though I didn't have much to do with her really, apart from a bit of the trial scene at the end. I thought

'The scripts mixed up a lot of people. Colin Baker was saying, "Hang on, did that happen or didn't it?"'

'Towards the end of recording, we did have the idea that the BBC were thinking of cancelling Doctor Who'

45 utterly essential facts about . . .

THE VALEYARD

Clayton Hickman and Michael Haslett have adumbrated 14 separate epistopic interfaces of the spectrum (well, they've watched *The Trial of a Time Lord*, anyhow) to bring us the lowdown on everyone's second favourite Man in Black!

1 A Valeyard is a learned prosecuting council – and this one has been appointed to prove the Doctor guilty of "conduct unbecoming a Time Lord" at his inquiry/trial.

2 He is a very grandiloquent fellow, never one to call a spade a spade – more likely 'a rudimentary excavation device to facilitate earth penetration and displacement'.

3 He has a penchant for sarcasm – see [15].

4 He claims to find his task unpleasant, but all the same seems to approach it with some relish.

5 Like most bores, he enjoys stopping videos at the best bits to make observations and criticisms.

6 He looks good in black.

7 He is obsequious, but clearly resents the Doctor's own fawning to the Inquisitor.

8 The Valeyard professes to find physical violence repugnant but considers graphic detail is, in some instances, unavoidable.

9 He's more up to date on modern surveillance techniques than the accused.

10 He's familiar with Earth expressions such as "bugged", but clearly frowns upon their use.

11 He doesn't find the ramblings of an immature mind offensive. It's water off a Valeyard's back.

12 He doesn't approve of the Doctor's smugness. (Who does?)

13 His title unfortunately lends itself to a number of dreadful puns, hurled at him with alarming regularity by the Doctor.

14 He's got a very nice voice, ideal for adverts.

15 He describes the Doctor's Thoros Beta adventure as "frightening".

16 He is the intergalactic Statto, having calculated the amount of times the Doctor's companions have been placed in jeopardy. He should be working for this magazine.

17 The Valeyard is happily aware that villains should always address our hero: "My dear Doctor . . ."

18 The Valeyard, besides his legal papers and his space-pencil, has clearly brought a weighty thesaurus to the trial room with him, just to look up 'coward'.

19 He doesn't have much time for dissertations on interplanetary politics, thank goodness.

20 His powers of observation leave a lot to be desired. Fancy not spotting the pretend Mogarian in the Vervoid segment. Tch!

21 He doesn't appreciate the Doctor's dress sense.

22 He has an evil chuckle and is capable of first-rate maniacal laughter.

23 He has a short memory, according to the Master, the Doctor's evil, bearded adversary.

24 You'll never believe it, but the Valeyard is revealed to be an amalgamation of the Doctor's darker side, somewhere between his 12th and final incarnation (though he bears little resemblance to either Hugh Grant or Joanna Lumley).

25 He wants to destroy the Doctor and steal his remaining lives, the cad.

26 He shows a good turn of speed when trouble looms.

27 He has been known to adopt the guise of former *Coronation Street* regulars.

28 He wants to humiliate the Doctor (who seems quite capable of doing the job himself).

29 He's something of a Brylcreem boy, which becomes evident once his leather tea cosy hat has been removed.

30 He is consumed by his own vanity.

31 He has no wish to be contaminated by the Doctor's whims and idiosyncracies.

32 He seeks to obtain his freedom and operate as a complete entity, unfettered by the Doctor's side of his existence.

33 Only by releasing himself from the misguided maxims (and aggravating alliteration) that the Doctor nurtures can he be free.

34 He believes reality to be a one-dimensional concept.

35 His robes of office can repel blasts from the Master's deadly Tissue Compression Eliminator.

36 His favourite weapons (at least whilst in the Matrix) are exploding quill pens.

37 He considers the Master to be a second-rate adversary.

38 He likes Victorian melodramas and beaches. Something he has in common with *The Two Ronnies.*

39 Rather like the Master, his disguises, though completely convincing from a distance, are less impressive just prior to unmasking.

40 Like the Doctor, he's never been able to resist a touch of the *grand guignol.*

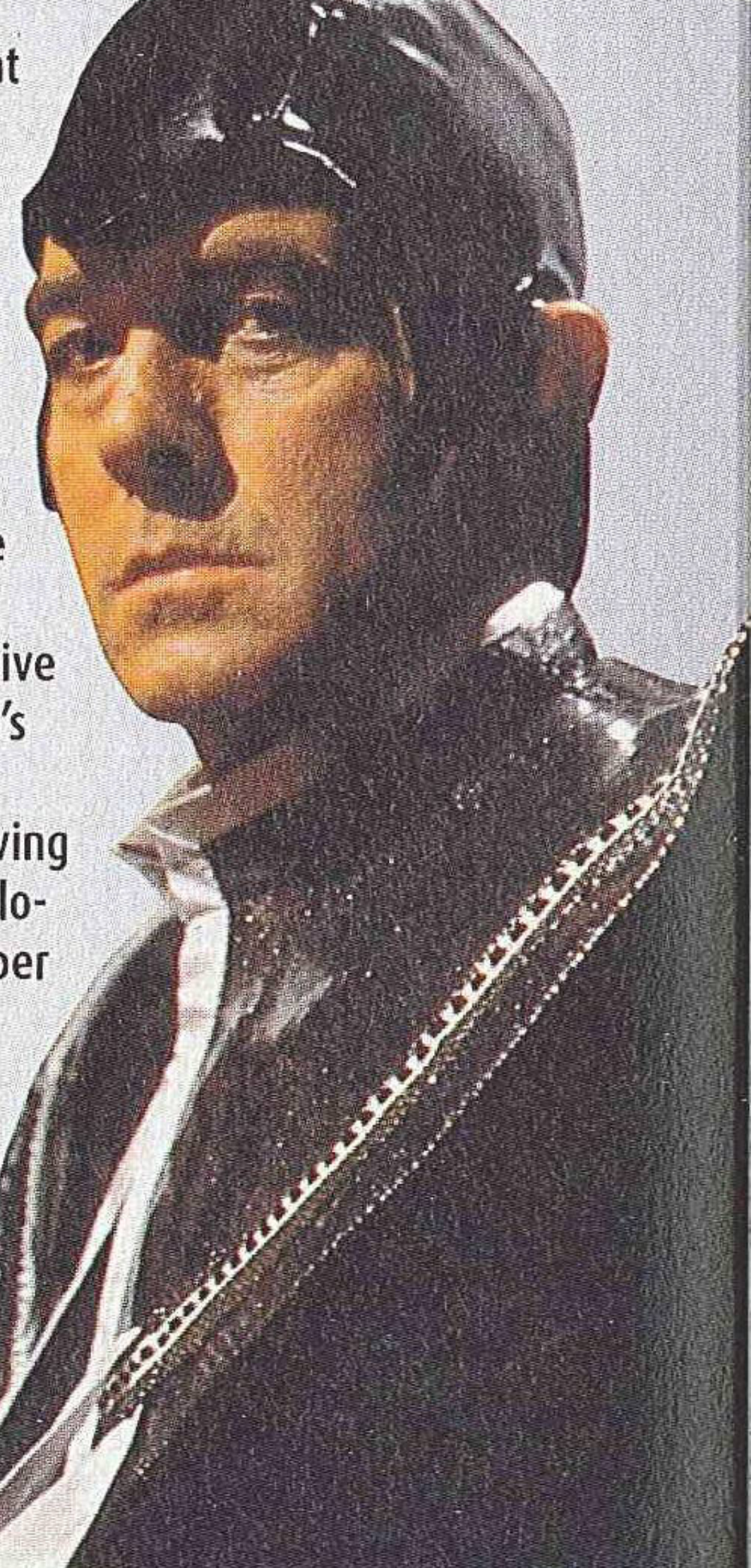
41 He's cleverly created a megabyte modem – a MASER-based particle disseminator.

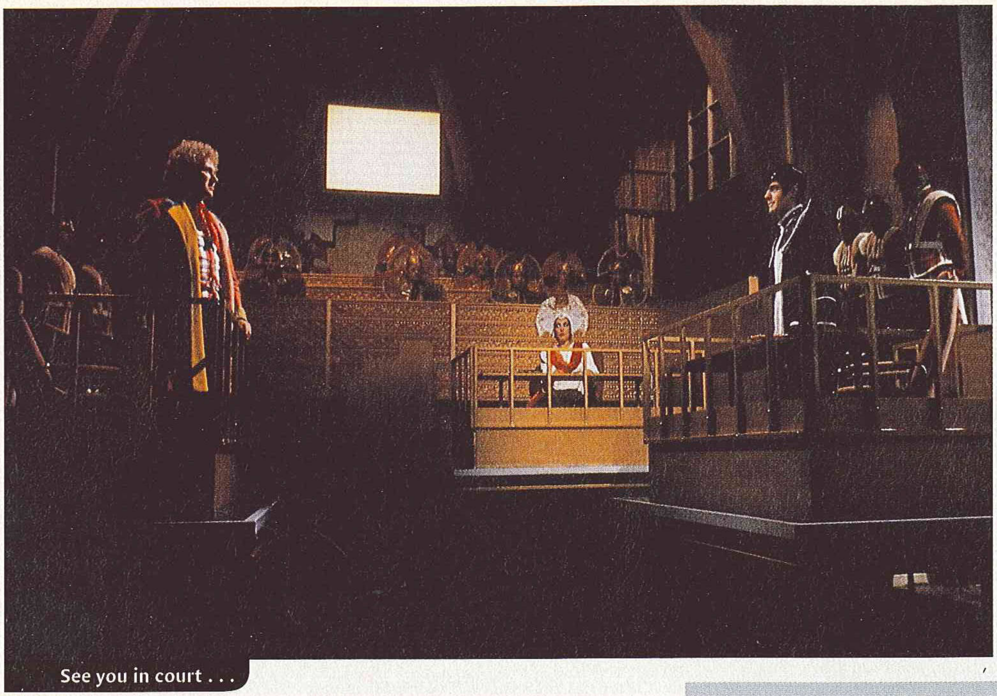
42 He plans to use it, via the Matrix screen, to destroy those Time Lords present at the Doctor's trial.

43 He firmly believes that there is nothing the Doctor can do to prevent the catharsis of spurious morality . . .

44 . . . until the Doctor, as any blundering imbecile could, triggers a ray-phase shift and instigates a massive feedback into the Valeyard's Matrix lair.

45 He was last seen, having somehow escaped the explosion, disguised as the Keeper of the Matrix – free once more to bedevil the Doctor. At some point. Perhaps





See you in court . . .

at one point, when she turned up with her briefcase full of sheaves of paper from her accountant, 'This isn't my idea of an actress, actors and actresses don't go around with briefcases.' But they do now, of course. I thought she was a sweet girl. She had a bit of a dancer's pose, but fair enough, she's got a lot of talent. She's got a 17-inch waist which is unbelievable – I don't know whether she still has it now, but she had then.

"Geoffrey Hughes was a very funny man – we had a lot of jokes. In fact we got so jokey that when someone from wardrobe said, 'Tell Geoff we need him at so-and-so at half-past-six,' and I told him, he didn't believe me. He didn't tell me he didn't believe me, he just didn't turn up for make-up that night." Apparently the affable Dickensian Mr Popplewick, Hughes was actually the Valeyard in disguise. Michael recalls the transformation scene between the two of them: "I had to have a life mask for that, which is quite tricky because it takes three or four hours to do and they have to put straws up your nose because they block everything else when they put the plaster on. It's a bit hairy when it starts to set, you think, 'I hope it doesn't set inwards and break my nose.' And you can't talk, of course, for half-an-hour."

The Valeyard, windswept in his Matrix domain

'It's amazing, it was on so many years ago and I still get four or five letters every week!'

Playing a Doctor, albeit an evil one, has naturally generated a lot of fan interest. "It's amazing, it was so many years ago and I still get four or five letters a week, people writing to me as if it only happened yesterday. I've run out of photographs now. They tend to be quite nice people – they're like anybody who's a bit fanatical about things, but they're harmless." *Doctor Who*, however, wasn't Michael's first experience of fan adoration. "I did *Jane Eyre* years ago, about 1971, that was probably the biggest. I got about 200 letters from that altogether, mainly from adolescents. If any lady says to me, 'I liked you in *Jane Eyre*,' I virtually know how old they are." Kind of the Colin Firth of the time then? "It is strange, you do a classic like that and there's no nudity, nothing really sexy, but it's what's not seen I suppose."

Michael has already done just about everything in his illustrious acting career, so has he any ambitions left? "I'm not as fussy about roles anymore. At the moment you get people like Albert Finney doing television, whereas he never did television ten years ago – in the old days all he did was concentrate on films. So he's in the market and everyone goes down a bit, so the people who used to do nice little cameo parts are out of the business virtually. I'm lucky because I do voice-overs and things. I do a lot of radio stuff and what they call audio visuals for firms, that are never seen by the general public. I like comedy a lot because it's trickier to do. If you go on stage in a comedy and you don't get a laugh, you know immediately you've gone wrong somewhere, whereas you can play Hamlet or whatever it is and you don't know how you're going over because they're taking it seriously."

Perhaps appearing in *Doctor Who* had given him the taste for more work in the genre? "It depends how good they are. Some science fiction things are . . . well, generally they work. I'm not sure about *The X Files*, I think most of it is hocus-pocus and they try to pretend it's slightly true. A great mate of mine is Pat Stewart, he said he was so lucky to get that part in *Star Trek*. Right until the last minute he kept saying to his agent in America, 'Don't be ridiculous, they won't get an Englishman.' And now, about $3 million later . . ." One unusual genre role saw Michael playing a famous telefantasy hero, albeit a fictional one. "I did a children's series called *Press Gang* that won a BAFTA award. That was a lovely series written by Steven Moffat [*The Curse of Fatal Death*], with Dexter Fletcher and Julia Sawalha in it. I had a lovely part as Colonel X – I liked doing that, though it was only a couple of days' work on location somewhere."

Recently, Michael has made a return of sorts to the world of *Doctor Who* by attending several conventions. And he admits it's nice to receive royalties from *Trial*, a copy of which the BBC sent him housed in the infamous TARDIS tin. With this in mind, there was one final thing we needed to know . . .

"I think it was Colin Baker on mine," says Michael.

Which is just how it should be. DWM

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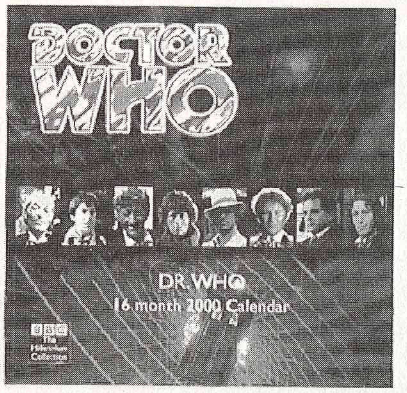
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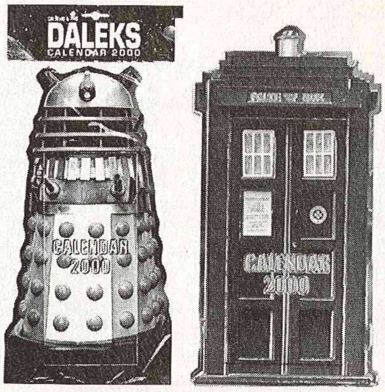
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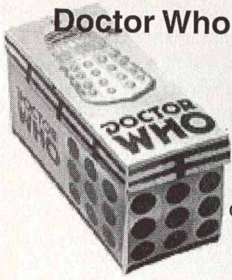

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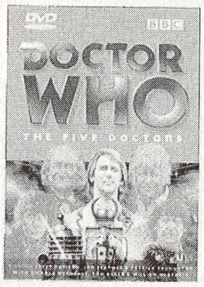
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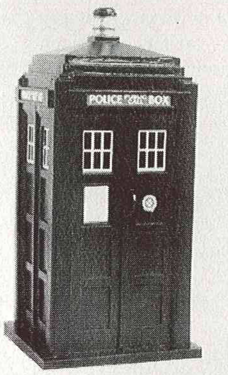

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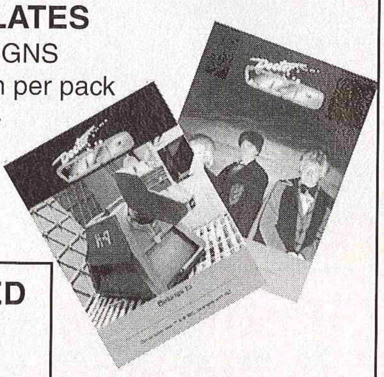

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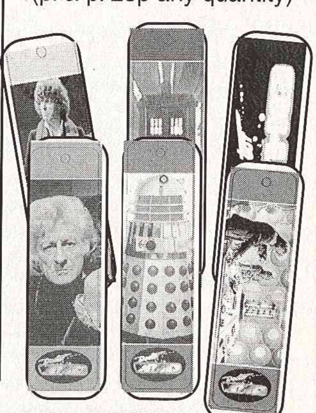

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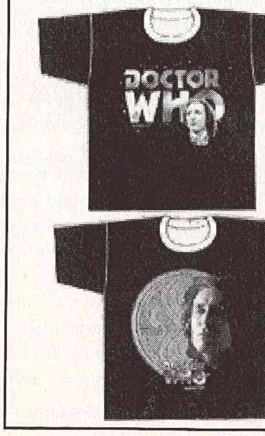
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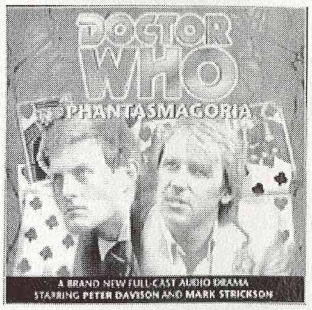
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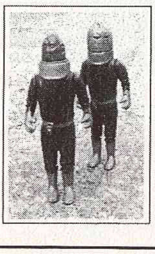

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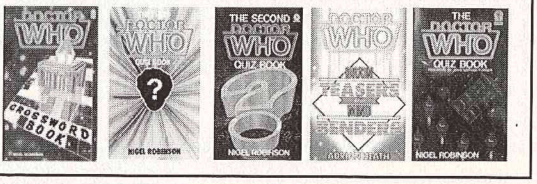
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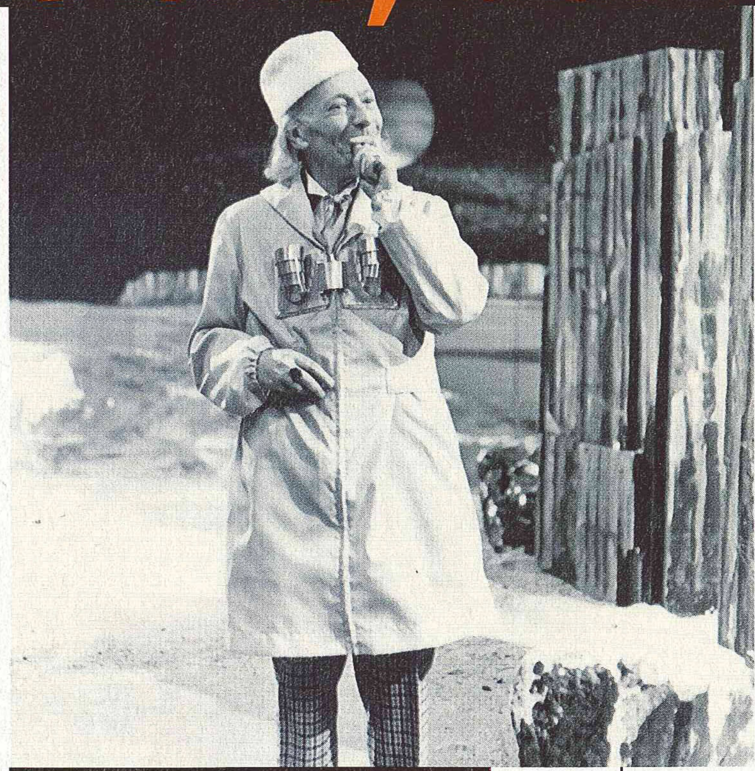
It's the end, but . . .

by **The Watcher**

You know the feeling. There you are, watching a creaky but classic Hartnell episode and experiencing for the umpteenth time that warm glow of pride and affirmation born of the deepest affection and loyalty for this unique strand of television history. And then Billy goes and ruins it all by fluffing his lines.

Vortis, he informs us, is "Many light earth". Unlikely though it may seem, that box of capsules left outside the TARDIS might have been "anti-radiation gloves". If Ian had been wearing his shoes on Marinus, he apparently "could have lent her hers". On the same planet, with admirable self-awareness, he claims that "I can't improve at this moment". There are dozens of others, and I'm sure you know them all. I think my favourite is that all-time great, "I'm not a mountain goat, and I prefer walking to any day, and I hate climbing." You couldn't make them up, could you?


"Er . . . um . . . er . . . mmm. Mmmff! Chesterfield!"

To be fair, the phenomenon of the 'Billy-Fluff' is by no means restricted to the star of the Hartnell era. There are, for example, some truly splendid Sensorite-Fluffs, including "I heard them over-talking!", and the subtly magnificent "Give my doctor the congratulations". And let's face it, neither Arbitan in *The Keys of Marinus* nor the Commander in the first two episodes of *The Ark* have got the faintest clue what's going on. It spills over into the Troughton era, too. Eric Klieg may be the shining star of the Brotherhood of Logicians, but there are times when he seems to have difficulty remembering his own name.

Hartnell wasn't a doddering dotard but a highly experienced and efficient actor

I'm not sniping, honest. I'm just having a giggle. But what's worth pointing out is that to a vast and largely unconsidered extent, the changes in *Doctor Who*'s methods of production have actually shaped our perception of individual Doctors. In reality William Hartnell wasn't a doddering old dotard, but a highly experienced and technically efficient screen actor. Given the comparative luxury of cinema filming, in which scenes are shot in short chunks with plenty of time for re-takes and piecemeal line-learning, Hartnell proved his mettle in an impressive parade of over 75 feature films. We tend to forget that long before *Doctor Who* he was a genuine face in British cinema, playing major roles in some of the most respected pictures of the 1940s and 1950s. *The Way Ahead*, *Brighton Rock*, *Yangtse Incident* and the rest aren't just meaningless footnotes in *Doctor Who* reference books; they're substantial and excellent films.

When you look at Hartnell's meticulously precise performance in Lindsay Anderson's kitchen-sink melodrama *This Sporting Life*, filmed only a few months before the TARDIS put down in Totter's Lane, you start to realise that his crotchety time traveller might have been an entirely different character if the BBC hadn't had to record whole episodes of early *Doctor Who* practically as live. Numerous directors and actors have attested that Hartnell developed the Doctor's physical mannerisms – the lapel-clutching, the eye-rolling, the emphatic finger-wagging, the "Hmmm"-ing – as a conscious device to cover the moments of terror that inevitably confronted a slightly unwell 50-something called upon to act out a new 25-minute playlet once a week for three years on the trot. How many of us would be word-perfect under those circumstances? And more to the point, how many Doctors who made their episodes under later, more leisurely circumstances, would have been able to cut the mustard in Season One conditions?

Even under the greatest pressure, what never deserted Hartnell was his expert camera technique. Choose any Billy episode at random and you'll find ample evidence that his long experience in the movies had left him with a sharpened ability to judge a shot even as it was happening. Hartnell (and the same is equally true of Troughton) knows exactly how to move into close-up while simultaneously toning down the sort of facial gymnastics he might have used in long-shot, a fundamental screen technique one wishes he might have taught a couple of his latter-day successors. Just as any stage actor worth his salt knows the ins and outs of "finding your light", so Hartnell is acutely aware of the different moods and atmospherics of television lighting. Just look at cliffhangers like *The Daleks' Master Plan: Counter-Plot* or *The War Machines* Episode 3, and you'll see an actor who isn't just standing there being filmed, but is actively working with the camera. By comparison, certain of the later Doctors – let's not name names – hardly seem to know what to do with either a close-up or a cliffhanger.

And one has to ask, by way of contrast, how much more of a nightmare might everybody's favourite Doctor have been if the show's recording process had remained the same into the late 1970s? There's no denying Tom Baker's awesomely charismatic screen presence and he was, of course, a magnificent Doctor. But his mercurial disposition offered a talent that was more instinctive than technical, and more than one director has recalled that the process of getting Tom's performance on screen was often a case of physically accommodating whatever wilful decision he'd already arrived at. Paddy Russell tells a story about how she gave up even trying to follow one particularly unrestrained entrance in *Horror of Fang Rock*, instructing the cameraman to stay on Louise Jameson while Tom whizzed past in a blur. Just imagine Mr Baker, in all his marvellous lawlessness, left to act out whole episodes in no more than a couple of extended takes. Frankly, much as I love the man, it doesn't bear thinking about.

So the moral of today's story is this. While we can – nay, should – have a whale of a time weeping with hilarity at those classic Billy-Fluffs, let's not forget how different some of the later Doctors might have been under similar circumstances. Can you seriously imagine Jon Pertwee getting through a whole non-stop episode of, say, *Frontier in Space* without mangling the script beyond recognition?

Mind you, it would have been very funny. DWM

The Final Test

Are you a Cordo or a Condo? No prizes, it's just for fun. Answers next issue.

What connects:

1 *Robot*, *The Sontaran Experiment*, *The Seeds of Doom* and *The Stones of Blood*?

2 A wicked publican, a funny little Welshman and a village bobby?

3 *The Keys of Marinus*, *The Brain of Morbius* and *Time and the Rani*?

4 A Masterly alias and a cowardly Castellan; a survivor of Crinoth and a rebel leader; the victim of an impulse laser and a Cyberman?

5 *The Chase*, *Horror of Fang Rock*, *The Leisure Hive* (well, almost) and *Dragonfire*?

6 A chilled Squire, a Napoleonic plotter, an android prince, and an outlawed gunslinger? (This is a really stupid question, so here's a clue: they'd have been at home in *The Chase*)

Answers from last issue

1 Each story has a pre-credits sequence.

2 They're all called Evans (*The Moonbase*; *The Web of Fear*; *The Green Death*).

3 The actors who played them (Michael Sheard, Julian Glover, John Hollis, Don Henderson, Brian Blessed) are among the many who also feature in the *Star Wars* movies.

4 Each mentions the Blinovitch Limitation Effect.

5 They're the opening shots of a sequence of *Doctor Who* stories whose titles follow a numerical order: *The Faceless Ones*, *The Two Doctors*, *The Three Doctors*, *Four to Doomsday*, *The Five Doctors*.

6 Artist George Underwood, who painted the *Dinosaur Book* cover, was a schoolfriend of Bowie's who later designed several of his album sleeves. He also punched the 16-year-old future star in the eye during a schoolboy fight, causing the singer's famous face oddity. And not a lot of people know that. Well, they do now.

COMING NEXT ISSUE!

'I could have been a Bond girl!'

Exclusive! Zoe actress Wendy Padbury gives DWM her absolutely, positively last-ever interview – and tells us why she's decided to retire from the world of *Doctor Who* . . .

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